THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dº 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Volume 172, No. 23 — Philadelphia, December 2, 1899 — 5 Cents the Copy; $2.50 the Year

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT 625 ARCH STREET

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter

The SECOND Generation

By Stephen Crane

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CASPAR CADOGAN resolved to go to the tropic wars and do something. The air was blue and gold with the pomp of soldiering, and in every ear rang the music of military glory. Caspar's father was a United States Senator from the great State of Skowmulligan, where the war fever ran very high. Chill is the blood of many of the sons of millionaires, but Caspar took the fever and posted to Washington. His father had never denied him anything, and this time all that Caspar wanted was a little Captaincy in the Army—just a simple little Captaincy.

The old man had been entertaining a delegation of respectable bunco-steerers from Skowmulligan who had come to him on a matter which is none of the public's business.

Bottles of whiskey and boxes of cigars were still on the table in the sumptuous private parlor. The Senator had said: "Well, gentlemen, I'll do what I can for you." By this sentence he meant whatever he meant.

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Then he turned to his eager son. "Well, Caspar?" The youth poured out his modest desires. It was not altogether his fault. Life had taught him a generous faith in his own abilities. If any one had told him that he was simply an ordinary fool he would have opened his eyes wide at the person's lack of judgment. All his life people had admired him.

The Skowmulligan war-horse looked with quick disapproval into the eyes of his son. "Well, Caspar," he said slowly, "I am of the opinion that they've got all the golf experts and tennis champions and cotillon leaders and piano tuners and billiard markers that they really need as officers. Now, if you were a soldier——"

"I know," said the young man with a gesture, "but I'm not exactly a fool, I hope, and I think if I get a chance I can do something. I'd like to try. I would, indeed."

The Senator lit a cigar. He assumed an attitude of ponderous reflection. "Y—yes, but this country is full of young men who are not fools. Full of 'em."

Caspar fidgeted in the desire to answer that, though he admitted the profusion of young men who were not fools, he felt that he himself possessed interesting and peculiar qualifications which would allow him to make his mark in any field of effort which he seriously challenged. But he did not make this graceful statement, for he sometimes detected something ironic in his father's temperament. The Skowmulligan war-horse had not thought of expressing an opinion of his own ability since the year 1865, when he was young, like Caspar.

"Well, well," said the Senator finally, "I'll see about it. I'll see about it." The young man was obliged to await the end of his father's characteristic method of thought. The war-horse never gave a quick answer, and if people tried to hurry him they seemed able to arouse only a feeling of irritation against making a decision at all. His mind moved like the wind, but practice had placed a Mexican bit in the mouth of his judgment. This old man of light, quick thought had taught himself to move like an ox cart. Caspar said "Yes, sir." He withdrew to his club, where, to the affectionate inquiries of some envious friends, he replied: "The old man is letting the idea soak."

■

The mind of the war-horse was decided far sooner than Caspar expected. In Washington a large number of well-bred, handsome young men were receiving appointments as Lieutenants, as Captains, and occasionally as Majors. They were a strong, healthy, clean-eyed, educated collection. They were a prime lot. A German Field-Marshal would have beamed with joy if he could have had them—to send to school. Anywhere in the world they would have made a grand show as material, but, intrinsically, they were not Lieutenants, Captains and Majors. They were fine men, though manhood is only an essential part of a Lieutenant, a Captain or a Major. But at any rate, this arrangement had all the logic of going to sea in a bathing-machine.

The Senator found himself reasoning that Caspar was as good as any of them, and better than many. Presently he was bleating here and there that his boy should

have a chance. "The boy's all right, I tell you, Henry. He's wild to go, and I don't see why they shouldn't give him a show. He's got plenty of nerve, and he's keen as a whip-lash. I'm going to get him an appointment, and if you can do anything to help it along I wish you would."

Then he betook himself to the White House and the War Department and made a stir. People think that Administrations are always slavishly, abominably anxious to please the Machine. They are not; they wish the Machine sunk in red fire, for by the power of ten thousand past words, looks, gestures, writings, the Machine comes along and takes the Administration by the nose and twists it, and the Administration dare not even yell. The huge force which carries an election to success looks reproachfully at the Administration and says: "Give me a bun." That is a very small thing with which to reward a Colossus.

The Skowmulligan war-horse got his bun and took it to his hotel where Caspar was moodily reading war rumors. "Well, my boy, here you are." Caspar was a Captain and Commissary on the staff of Brigadier-General Reilly, commander of the Second Brigade of the First Division of the Thirtieth Army Corps.

"I had to work for it," said the Senator grimly. "They talked to me as if they thought you were some sort of empty-headed idiot. None of 'em seemed to know you personally. They just sort of took it for granted. Finally I got pretty hot in the collar." He paused a moment; his heavy, grooved face set hard; his blue eyes shone. He clapped a hand down upon the handle of his chair.

"Caspar, I've got you into this thing, and I believe you'll do all right, and I'm not saying this because I distrust either your sense or your grit. But I want you to understand you've *got to make a go of it*. I'm not going to talk any twaddle about your country and your country's flag. You understand all about that. But now you're a soldier, and there'll be this to do and that to do, and fighting to do, and you've got to do *every d——d one of 'em* right up to the handle. I don't know how much of a shindy this thing is going to be, but any shindy is enough to show how much there is in a man. You've got your appointment, and that's all I can do for you, but I'll thrash you with my own hands if when the Army gets back the other fellows say my son is 'nothing but a good-looking dude.'"

He ceased, breathing heavily. Caspar looked bravely and frankly at his father, and answered in a voice which was not very tremulous: "I'll do my best. This is my chance."

The Senator had a marvelous ability of transition from one manner to another. Suddenly he seemed very kind. "Well, that's all right, then. I guess you'll get along all right with Reilly. I know him well, and he'll see you through. I helped him along once. And now about this commissary business. As I understand it, a Commissary is a sort of caterer in a big way—that is, he looks out for a good many more things than a caterer has to bother his head about. Reilly's brigade has probably from two to three thousand men in it, and in regard to certain things you've got to look out for every man of 'em every day. I know perfectly well you couldn't successfully run a boarding-house in Ocean Grove. How are you going to manage for all these soldiers, hey? Thought about it?"

"No," said Caspar, injured. "I didn't want to be a Commissary. I wanted to be a Captain in the line."

"They wouldn't hear of it. They said you would have to take a staff appointment where people could look after you."

"Well, let 'em look after me," cried Caspar resentfully; "but when there's any fighting to be done I guess I won't necessarily be the last man."

"That's it," responded the Senator. "That's the spirit." They both thought that the problem of war would eliminate to an equation of actual battle.

Ultimately Caspar departed into the South to an encampment in salty grass under pine trees. Here lay an Army corps twenty thousand strong. Caspar passed into the dusty sunshine of it, and for many weeks he was lost to view.

Second Chapter

OF COURSE I don't know a blamed thing about it," said Caspar frankly and modestly to a circle of his fellow staff officers. He was referring to the duties of his office.

Their faces became expressionless; they looked at him with eyes in which he could fathom nothing. After a pause one politely said: "Don't you?" It was the inevitable two words of convention.

"Why," cried Caspar, "I didn't know what a Commissary officer was until I *was* one. My old Guv'nor told me. He'd looked it up in a book, I suppose; but *I* didn't know."

"Didn't you?"

The young man's face glowed with sudden humor. "Do you know, the word was intimately associated in my mind with camels. Funny, eh? I think it came from reading that rhyme of Kipling's about the commissariat camel."

"Did it?"

"Yes. Funny, isn't it? Camels!"

The brigade was ultimately landed at Siboney as part of an army to attack Santiago. The scene at the landing sometimes resembled the inspiriting daily drama at the approach to the Brooklyn Bridge. There was a great bustle, during which the wise man kept his property gripped in his hands lest it might march off into the wilderness in the pocket of one of the striding regiments. Truthfully, Caspar should have had frantic occupation, but men saw him wandering footlessly here and there crying: "Has any one seen my saddle-bags? Why, if I lose 'em I'm ruined. I've got everything packed away in 'em. Everything!"

They looked at him gloomily and without attention. "No," they said. It was to intimate that they would not give a rip if he had lost his nose, his teeth and his self-respect. Reilly's brigade collected itself from the boats and went off, each regiment's soul burning with anger because some other regiment was in advance of it. Moving along through the scrub and under the palms, men talked mostly of things that did not pertain to the business in hand.

General Reilly finally planted his headquarters in some tall grass under a mango tree. "Where's Cadogan?" he said suddenly, as he took off his hat and smoothed the wet, gray hair from his brow. Nobody knew. "I saw him looking for his saddle-bags down at the landing," said an officer dubiously. "Bother him," said the General contemptuously. "Let him stay there."

Three venerable regimental commanders came, saluted stiffly and sat in the grass. There was a pow-wow, during which Reilly explained much that the Division Commander had told him. The venerable Colonels nodded; they understood. Everything was smooth and clear to their minds. But still, the Colonel of the Forty-fourth Regular Infantry murmured about the commissariat. His men—and then he launched forth in a sentiment concerning the privations of his men in which you were confronted with his feeling that his men—his men were the only creatures of importance in the universe; which feeling was entirely correct for him. Reilly grunted. He did what most commanders did. He set the competent line to doing the work of the incompetent part of the staff.

"Has any one seen my saddle-bags? Why, if I lose 'em I'm ruined"

In time Caspar came trudging along the road merrily swinging his saddle-bags. "Well, General," he cried as he saluted, "I found 'em."

"*Did* you?" said Reilly. Later an officer rushed to him tragically: "General, Cadogan is off there in the bushes eating potted ham and crackers all by himself." The officer was sent back into the bushes for Caspar, and the General sent Caspar with an order. Then Reilly and the three venerable Colonels, grinning, partook of potted ham and crackers. "Tashe a' right," said Reilly, with his mouth full. "Dorsey, see if 'e got some'n else."

"Mush be selfish young pig," said one of the Colonels, with his mouth full. "Who's he, General?"

"Son—Sen'tor Cad'gan—ol' frien' mine—dash 'im."

Caspar wrote a letter:

> "*Dear Father:* I am sitting under a tree using the flattest part of my canteen for a desk. Even as I write the division ahead of us is moving forward and we don't know what moment the storm of battle may break out. I don't know what the plans are. General Reilly knows, but he is so good as to give me very little of his confidence. In fact, I might be part of a forlorn hope from all to the contrary I've heard from him. I understood you to say in Washington that you at one time had been of some service to him, but if that is true I can assure you he has completely forgotten it. At times his manner to me is little short of being offensive, but of course I understand that it is only the way of a crusty old soldier who has been made boorish and bearish by a long life among the Indians. I dare say I shall manage it all right without a row.
>
> "When you hear that we have captured Santiago, please send me by first steamer a box of provisions and clothing, particularly sardines, pickles, and light-weight underwear. The other men on the staff are nice, quiet chaps, but they seem a bit crude. There has been no fighting yet save the skirmish by Young's brigade. Reilly was furious because we couldn't get in it. I met General Peel yesterday. He was very nice. He said he knew you well when he was in Congress. Young Jack May is on Peel's staff. I knew him well in college. We spent an hour talking over old times. Give my love to all at home."

The march was leisurely. Reilly and his staff strolled out to the head of the long, sinuous column and entered the sultry gloom of the forest. Some less fortunate regiments had to wait among the trees at the side of the trail, and as Reilly's brigade passed them, officer called to officer, classmate to classmate, and in these greetings rang a note of everything, from West Point to Alaska. They were going into an action in which they, the officers, would lose over a hundred in killed and wounded—officers alone—and these greetings, in which many nicknames occurred, were in many cases farewells such as one pictures being given with ostentation, solemnity, fervor. "There goes Gory Widgeon! Hello, Gory! Where you starting for? Hey, Gory!"

Caspar communed with himself and decided that he was not frightened. He was eager and alert; he thought that now his obligation to his country, or himself, was to be faced, and he was mad to prove to old Reilly and the others that after all he was a very capable soldier.

Third Chapter

OLD Reilly was stumping along the line of his brigade and mumbling like a man with a mouthful of grass. The fire from the enemy's position was incredible in its swift fury, and Reilly's brigade was getting its share of a very bad ordeal. The old man's face was of the color of a tomato, and in his rage he mouthed and sputtered strangely. As he pranced along his thin line, scornfully erect, voices arose from the grass beseeching him to take care of himself. At his heels scrambled a bugler with pallid skin and clenched teeth, a chalky, trembling youth, who kept his eye on old Reilly's back and followed it.

The old gentleman was quite mad. Apparently he thought the whole thing a dreadful mess, but now that his brigade was irrevocably in it he was full-tilting here and everywhere to establish some irreproachable, immaculate kind of behavior on the part of every man Jack in his brigade. The intentions of the three venerable Colonels were the same. They stood behind their lines, quiet, stern, courteous old fellows, admonishing their regiments to be very pretty in the face of such a hail of magazine-rifle and machine-gun fire as has never in this world been confronted, save by beardless savages when the white man has found occasion to take his burden to some new place.

And the regiments were pretty. The men lay on their little stomachs and got peppered according to the law, and said nothing as the good blood pumped out into the grass; and even if a solitary rookie tried to get a decent reason to move to some haven of ratibnal men, the cold voice of an officer made him look criminal with a shame that was a credit to his regimental education. Behind Reilly's command was a bullet-torn jungle through which it could not move as a brigade; ahead of it were Spanish trenches on hills. Reilly considered that he was in a fix, no doubt, but he said this only to himself. Suddenly he saw on the right a little point of blue-shirted men already half-way up the hill. It was some pathetic fragment of the Sixth United States Infantry. Chagrined, horrified, Reilly bellowed to his bugler and the chalked-faced youth sounded the charge by rushes.

The men formed hastily and grimly, and rushed. Apparently there awaited them only the fate of respectable soldiers. But they went because—of the opinions of others, perhaps. They went because—no loud-mouthed lot of jail-birds such as the Twenty-seventh Infantry could do anything that they could not do better. They went because Reilly ordered it. They went because they went.

And yet not a man of them to this day has made a public speech explaining precisely how he did the whole thing and detailing with what initiative and ability he comprehended and defeated a situation which he did not comprehend at all.

Reilly never saw the top of the hill. He was heroically striving to keep up with his men when a bullet ripped quietly through his left lung and he fell back into the arms of the bugler, who received him as he would have received a Christmas present. The three venerable Colonels inherited the brigade in swift succession. The senior commanded for about fifty seconds, at the end of which he was mortally shot. Before they could get the news to the next in rank he, too, was shot. The junior Colonel ultimately arrived with a lean and puffing little brigade at the top of the hill. The men lay down and fired volleys at whatever was practicable.

In and out of the ditchlike trenches lay the Spanish dead—lemon-faced corpses dressed in shabby blue and white ticking. Some were huddled down comfortably like sleeping children; one had died in the attitude of a man flung back in a dentist's chair; one sat in the trench with its chin sunk despondently to its breast; few preserved a record of the agitation of battle. With the greater number it was as if death had touched them so gently, so lightly, that they had not known of it. Death had come to them rather in the form of an opiate than of a bloody blow.

But the arrived men in the blue shirts had no thought of the sallow corpses. They were eagerly exchanging a hail of shots with the Spanish second line, whose ash-colored entrenchments barred the way to a city white amid trees. In the pauses the men talked.

"We done the best. Old E Company got there. Why, one time the hull of B Company was *behind* us."

"Jones, he was the first man up. I saw 'im."

"Which Jones?"

"Did you see ol' Two-bars runnin' like a land-crab? Made good time, too. He hit only in the high places."

"The Lootenant is all right, too. He was a good ten yards ahead of the best of us. I hated him at the post, but

for this here active service there's none of 'em can touch him."

"This is mighty different from being at the post."

"Well, we done it, an' it wasn't because *I* thought it could be done. When we started, I ses to m'self: 'Well, here goes a lot of blanked fools.'"

"'Tain't over yet."

"Oh, they'll never git us back from here. If they start to chase us back from here we'll pile 'em up so high the last ones can't climb over. We've come this far, an' we'll stay here. I ain't done pantin'."

"Anything is better than packin' through that jungle an' gettin' blistered from front, rear, an' both flanks. I'd rather tackle another hill than go trailin' in them woods, so thick you can't tell whether you are one man or a division of cav'lry."

"Where's that young kitchen-soldier, Cadogan, or whatever his name is? Ain't seen him to-day."

"Well, *I* seen him. He was right in with it. He got shot, too, about half up the hill, in the leg. I seen it. He's all right. Don't worry about him. He's all right."

"I seen him, too. He done his stunt. As soon as I can git this piece of barbed-wire entanglement out of me throat I'll give him a cheer."

"He ain't shot at all, because there he stands, there. See him?"

Rearward, the grassy slope was populous with little groups of men searching for the wounded. Reilly's brigade began to dig with its bayonets and shovel with its meat-ration cans.

Fourth Chapter

SENATOR CADOGAN paced to and fro in his private parlor and smoked small, brown, weak cigars. These little wisps seemed utterly inadequate to console such a ponderous satrap.

It was the evening of the first of July, 1898, and the Senator was immensely excited, as could be seen from the superlatively calm way in which he called out to his private secretary, who was in an adjoining room. The voice was serene, gentle, affectionate, low.

"Baker, I wish you'd go over again to the War Department and see if they've heard anything about Caspar."

A very bright-eyed, hatchet-faced young man appeared in a doorway, pen still in hand. He was hiding a nettlelike irritation behind all the finished audacity of a smirk, sharp, lying, trustworthy young politician. "I've just got back from there, sir," he suggested.

The Skowmulligan war-horse lifted his eyes and looked for a short second into the eyes of his private secretary. It was not a glare or an eagle glance; it was something beyond the practice of an actor; it was simply meaning. The clever private secretary grabbed his hat and was at once enthusiastically away. "All right, sir," he cried. "I'll find out."

The War Department was ablaze with light, and messengers were running. With the assurance of a retainer of an old house, Baker made his way through much small-calibre vociferation. There was rumor of a big victory; there was rumor of a big defeat. In the corridors various watchdogs arose from their arm-chairs and asked him of his business in tones of uncertainty which in no wise compared with their previous habitual deference to the private secretary of the war-horse of Skowmulligan.

Ultimately Baker arrived in a room where some kind of a head clerk sat writing feverishly at a roll-top desk. Baker asked a question and the head clerk mumbled profanely without lifting his head. Apparently he said: "How in the blankety-blank blazes do I know?"

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The private secretary let his jaw fall. Surely some new spirit had come suddenly upon the heart of Washington—a spirit which Baker understood to be almost defiantly indifferent to the wishes of Senator Cadogan, a spirit which was not even courteously oily. What could it mean? Baker's foxlike mind sprang wildly to a conception of overturned factions, changed friends, new combinations. The assurance which had come from experience of a broad political situation suddenly left him, and he would not have been amazed if some one had told him that Senator Cadogan now controlled only six votes in the State of Skowmulligan. "Well," he stammered, "well—there isn't any news of the old man's son, hey?" Again the head clerk replied blasphemously.

Eventually Baker retreated in disorder from the presence of this head clerk, having learned that the latter did not give a —— —— if Caspar Cadogan were sailing through Hades on an ice yacht.

Baker stormed other and more formidable officials. In fact, he struck as high as he dared. They one and all flung him short, hard words, even as men pelt an annoying cur with pebbles. He emerged from the brilliant light, from the groups of men with anxious, puzzled faces, and as he walked back to the hotel he did not know if his name were Baker or Cholmondeley.

However, as he walked up the stairs to the Senator's rooms he contrived to concentrate his intellect upon a manner of speaking.

The war-horse was still pacing his parlor and smoking. He paused at Baker's entrance. "Well?"

"Mr. Cadogan," said the private secretary coolly, "they told me at the Department that they did not give a cuss whether your son was alive or dead."

The Senator looked at Baker and smiled gently. "What's that, my boy?" he asked in a soft and considerate voice.

"They said——" gulped Baker, with a certain tenacity. "They said that they didn't give a cuss whether your son was alive or dead."

There was a silence for the space of three seconds. Baker stood like an image; he had no machinery for balancing the issues of this kind of a situation, and he seemed to feel that if he stood as still as a stone frog he would escape the ravages of a terrible Senatorial wrath which was about to break forth in a hurricane speech, which would snap off trees and sweep away barns.

"Well," drawled the Senator lazily, "who did you see, Baker?"

The private secretary resumed a certain usual manner of breathing. He told the names of the men whom he had seen.

"Ye—e—es," remarked the Senator. He took another little brown cigar and held it with a thumb and first finger, staring at it with the calm and steady scrutiny of a scientist investigating a new thing. "So they don't care whether Caspar is alive or dead, eh? Well, . . . maybe they don't. . . . That's all right. . . . However, . . . I think I'll just look in on 'em and state my views."

When the Senator had gone, the private secretary ran to the window and leaned afar out. Pennsylvania Avenue was gleaming silver blue in the light of many arc-lamps; the cable trains groaned along to the clangor of gongs; from the window, the walks presented a hardly diversified aspect of shirt-waists and straw hats. Sometimes a newsboy screeched.

Baker watched the tall, heavy figure of the Senator moving out to intercept a cable train. "Great Scott!" cried the private secretary to himself, "there'll be three distinct kinds of grand, plain, practical fireworks. The old man is going for 'em. I wouldn't be in Lascum's boots. Ye gods, what a row there'll be!"

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In due time the Senator was closeted with some kind of deputy third-assistant battery-horse in the offices of the War Department. The official obviously had been told off to make a supreme effort to pacify Cadogan, and he certainly was acting according to his instructions. He was almost in tears; he spread out his hands in supplication, and his voice whined and wheedled.

"Why, really, you know, Senator, we can only beg you to look at the circumstances. Two scant divisions at the top of that hill; over a thousand men killed and wounded; the line so thin that any strong attack would smash our Army to flinders. The Spaniards have probably received reënforcements under Pando; Shafter seems to be too ill to be actively in command of our troops; Lawton can't get up with his division before to-morrow. We are actually expecting, . . . no, I won't say expecting, . . . but we would not be surprised, . . . nobody in the Department would be surprised if before daybreak we were compelled to give to the country the news of a disaster which would be the worst blow the national pride has ever suffered. Don't you see? Can't you see our position, Senator?"

The Senator, with a pale but composed face, contemplated the official with eyes that gleamed in a way not usual with the big, self-controlled politician.

"I'll tell you frankly, sir," continued the other. "I'll tell you frankly, that at this moment we don't know whether we are a-foot or a-horseback. Everything is in the air. We don't know whether we have won a glorious victory or simply got ourselves in a deuce of a fix."

The Senator coughed. "I suppose my boy is with the two divisions at the top of that hill? He's with Reilly."

"Yes; Reilly's brigade is up there."

"And when do you suppose the War Department can tell me if he is all right? I want to know."

"My dear Senator, frankly, I don't know. Again I beg you to think of our position. The Army is in a muddle; it's a General thinking that he must fall back, and yet not sure that he *can* fall back without losing the Army. Why, we're worrying about the lives of sixteen thousand men and the self-respect of the nation, Senator."

"I see," observed the Senator, nodding his head slowly. "And naturally the welfare of one man's son doesn't—how do they say it?—doesn't cut any ice."

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Fifth Chapter

AND in Cuba it rained. In a few days Reilly's brigade discovered that by their successful charge they had gained the inestimable privilege of sitting in a wet trench and slowly but surely starving to death. Men's tempers crumbled like dry bread. The soldiers who so cheerfully, quietly and decently had captured positions which the foreign experts had said were impregnable, now in turn underwent an attack which was furious as well as insidious. The heat of the sun alternated with rains which boomed and roared in their falling like mountain cataracts. It seemed as if men took the fever through sheer lack of other occupation. During the days of battle none had had time to get even a tropic headache, but no sooner was that brisk period over than men began to shiver and shudder by squads and platoons. Rations were scarce enough to make a little fat strip of bacon seem of the size of a corner lot, and coffee grains were pearls. There would have been godless quarreling over fragments if it were not that with these fevers came a great listlessness, so that men were almost content to die, if death required no exertion.

It was an occasion which distinctly separated the sheep from the goats. The goats were few enough, but their qualities glared out like crimson spots.

One morning Jameson and Ripley, two Captains in the Forty-fourth Foot, lay under a flimsy shelter of sticks and palm branches. Their dreamy, dull eyes contemplated the men in the trench which went to left and right. To them came Caspar Cadogan, moaning. "By Jove," he said, as he flung himself wearily on the ground, "I can't stand much more of this, you know. It's killing me." A bristly beard sprouted through the grime on his face; his eyelids were crimson; an indescribably dirty shirt fell away from his roughened neck; and at the same time various lines of evil and greed were deepened on his face, until he practically stood forth as a revelation, a confession. "I can't stand it. By Jove, I can't."

Stanford, a Lieutenant under Jameson, came stumbling along toward them. He was a lad of the class of '98 at West Point. It could be seen that he was flaming with fever. He rolled a calm eye at them. "Have you any water, sir?" he said to his Captain. Jameson got upon his feet and helped Stanford to lay his shaking length under the shelter. "No, boy," he answered gloomily. "Not a drop. You got any, Rip?"

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"No," answered Ripley, looking with anxiety upon the young officer. "Not a drop."

"You, Cadogan?"

Here Caspar hesitated oddly for a second, and then in a tone of deep regret made answer. "No, Captain; not a mouthful."

Jameson moved off weakly. "You lay quietly, Stanford, and I'll see what I can rustle."

Presently Caspar felt that Ripley was steadily regarding him. He returned the look with one of half-guilty questioning.

"God forgive you, Cadogan," said Ripley, "but you are a beast. Your canteen is full of water."

Even then the apathy in their veins prevented the scene from becoming as sharp as the words sounded. Caspar sputtered like a child, and at length merely said: "No, it isn't." Stanford lifted his head to shoot a keen, proud glance at Caspar, and then turned away.

"You lie," said Ripley. "I can tell the sound of a full canteen as far as I can hear it."

"Well, if it is, I—I must have forgotten it."

"You lie; no man in this Army just now forgets whether his canteen is full or empty. Hand it over."

Fever is the physical counterpart of shame, and when a man has had the one he accepts the other with an ease which would revolt his healthy self. However, Caspar made a desperate struggle to preserve the forms. He arose and, taking the string from his shoulder, passed the canteen to Ripley. But after all there was a whine in his voice, and the assumption of dignity was really a farce. "I think I would better go, Captain. You can have the water if you want it, I'm sure. But—but I fail to see—I fail to see what reason you have for insulting me."

DRAWN BY C. D. WILLIAMS

"General! General! Cadogan is off there in the bushes eating potted ham and crackers"

"Do you?" said Ripley stolidly. "That's all right."

Caspar stood for a terrible moment. He simply did not have the strength to turn his back on this—this affair. It seemed to him that he must stand forever and face it. But when he found the audacity to look again at Ripley he saw the latter was not at all concerned with the situation. Ripley, too, had the fever. The fever changes all laws of proportion. Caspar went away.

"Here, youngster; here's your drink."

Stanford made a weak gesture. "I wouldn't touch a drop from his blamed canteen if it was the last water in the world," he murmured in his high, boyish voice.

"Don't you be a young jackass," quoth Ripley tenderly.

The boy stole a glance at the canteen. He felt the propriety of arising and hurling it after Caspar, but—he, too, had the fever.

"Don't you be a young jackass," said Ripley again.

Sixth Chapter

SENATOR CADOGAN was happy. His son had returned from Cuba, and the 8.30 train that evening would bring him to the station nearest to the stone and red shingle villa which the Senator and his family occupied on the shores of Long Island Sound. The Senator's steam yacht lay some hundred yards from the beach. She had just returned from a trip to Montauk Point, where the Senator had made a gallant attempt to gain his son from the transport on which he was coming from Cuba. He had fought a brave sea-fight with sundry petty little doctors and ship's officers, who had raked him with broadsides describing the laws of quarantine and had used inelegant speech to a United States Senator as he stood on the bridge of his own steam yacht. These men had grimly asked him to tell exactly how much better was Caspar than any other returning soldier.

But the Senator had not given them a long fight. In fact, the truth came to him quickly, and with almost a blush he had ordered the yacht back to her anchorage off the villa. As a matter of fact, the trip to Montauk Point had been undertaken largely from impulse. Long ago the Senator had decided that when his boy returned the greeting should have something Spartan in it. He would make a welcome such as most soldiers get. There should be no flowers and carriages when the other poor fellows got none. He would consider Caspar as a soldier. That was the way to treat a man. But, in the end, a sharp acid of anxiety had worked upon the iron old man, until he had ordered the yacht to take him out and make a fool of him. The result filled him with a chagrin which caused him to delegate to the mother and sisters the entire business of succoring Caspar at Montauk Point Camp. He had remained at home, conducting the huge correspondence of an active national politician and waiting for this son whom he so loved and whom he so wished to be a man of a certain strong, taciturn, shrewd ideal. The recent yacht voyage he now looked upon as a kind of confession of his weakness, and he was resolved that no more signs should escape him.

But yet his boy had been down there against the enemy and among the fevers. There had been grave perils, and his boy must have faced them. And he could not prevent himself from dreaming through the poetry of fine actions, in which visions his son's face shone out manly and generous. During these periods the people about him, accustomed as they were to his silence and calm in time of stress, considered that affairs in Skowmulligan might be most critical. In no other way could they account for this exaggerated phlegm.

On the night of Caspar's return he did not go to dinner, but had a tray sent to his library, where he remained writing. At last he heard the spin of the dog-cart wheels on the gravel of the drive, and a moment later there penetrated to him the sound of joyful feminine cries. He lit another cigar; he knew that it was now his part to bide with dignity the moment when his son should shake off that other welcome and come to him. He could still hear them; in their exuberance they seemed to be capering like school children. He was impatient, but this impatience took the form of a polar stolidity.

Presently there were quick steps and a jubilant knock at his door. "Come in," he said.

In came Caspar, thin, yellow and in soiled khaki. "They almost tore me to pieces," he cried, laughing. "They danced around like wild things." Then as they shook hands he dutifully said, "How are you, sir?"

"How are you, my boy?" answered the Senator casually but kindly.

"Better than I might expect, sir," cried Caspar cheerfully. "We had a pretty hard time, you know."

"You look as if they'd given you a hard run," observed the father in a tone of slight interest.

Caspar was eager to tell. "Yes, sir," he said rapidly. "We did, indeed. Why, it was awful. We—any of us—were lucky to get out of it alive. It wasn't so much the Spaniards, you know. The Army took care of them all right. It was the fever and the—you know, we couldn't get anything to eat. And the mismanagement. Why, it was frightful."

"Yes, I've heard," said the Senator. A certain wistful look came into his eyes, but he did not allow it to become prominent. Indeed, he suppressed it. "And you, Caspar? I suppose you did your duty?"

Caspar answered with becoming modesty. "Well, I didn't do more than anybody else, I don't suppose, but—well, I got along all right, I guess."

"And this great charge up San Juan Hill?" asked the father slowly. "Were you in that?"

"Well—yes; I was in it," replied the son.

The Senator brightened a trifle. "You were, eh? In the front of it? or just sort of going along?"

"Well—I don't know. I couldn't tell exactly. Sometimes I was in front of a lot of them, and sometimes I was—just sort of going along."

This time the Senator emphatically brightened. "That's all right, then. And of course—of course you performed your Commissary duties correctly?"

The question seemed to make Caspar uncommunicative and sulky. "I did when there was anything to do," he answered. "But the whole thing was on the most unbusinesslike basis you can imagine. And they wouldn't tell you anything. Nobody would take time to instruct you in your duties, and, of course, if you didn't know a thing your superior officer would swoop down on you and ask you why in the deuce such and such a thing wasn't done in such and such a way. Of course I did the best I could."

The Senator's countenance had again become sombrely indifferent. "I see. But you weren't directly rebuked for incapacity, were you? No; of course you weren't. But—I mean—did any of your superior officers suggest that you were 'no good,' or anything of that sort? I mean—did you come off with a clean slate?"

DRAWN BY C. D. WILLIAMS

"Senator, they say they don't give a cuss whether your son's dead or not"

Caspar took a small time to digest his father's meaning. "Oh, yes, sir," he cried at the end of his reflection. "The Commissary was in such a hopeless mess anyhow that nobody thought of doing anything but curse Washington."

"Of course," rejoined the Senator harshly. "But supposing that you had been a competent and well-trained Commissary officer? What then?"

Again the son took time for consideration, and in the end deliberately replied: "Well, if I had been a competent and well-trained Commissary I would have sat there and eaten up my heart and cursed Washington."

"Well, then, that's all right. And now about this charge up San Juan? Did any of the Generals speak to you afterward and say that you had done well? Didn't any of them see you?"

"Why, n—n—no, I don't suppose they did . . . any more than I did them. You see, this charge was a big thing and covered lots of ground, and I hardly saw anybody excepting a lot of the men."

"Well, but didn't any of the men see you? Weren't you ahead some of the time, leading them on and waving your sword?"

Caspar burst into laughter. "Why, no. I had all I could do to scramble along and try to keep up. And I didn't want to go up at all."

"Why?" demanded the Senator.

"Because—because the Spaniards were shooting so much. And you could see men falling, and the bullets rushed around you in—by the bushel. And then at last it seemed that if we once drove them away from the top of the hill there would be less danger. So we all went up."

The Senator chuckled over this description. "And you didn't flinch at all?"

"Well," rejoined Caspar humorously, "I won't say I wasn't frightened."

"No, of course not. But then you did not let anybody know it?"

"Of course not."

"You understand, naturally, that I am bothering you with all these questions because I desire to hear how my only son behaved in the crisis. I don't want to worry you with it. But if you went through the San Juan charge with credit I'll have you made a Major."

"Well," said Caspar, "I wouldn't say I went through that charge with credit. I went through it all good enough, but the enlisted men around went through in the same way."

"But weren't you encouraging them and leading them on by your example?"

Caspar smirked. He began to see a point. "Well, sir," he said with a charming hesitation. "Aw—er—I—well, I dare say I was doing my share of it."

The perfect form of the reply delighted the father. He could not endure blatancy; his admiration was to be won only by a bashful hero. Now he beat his hand impulsively down upon the table. "That's what I wanted to know. That's it exactly. I'll have you made a Major next week. You've found your proper field at last. You stick to the Army, Caspar, and I'll back you up. That's the thing. In a few years it will be a great career. The United States is pretty sure to have an Army of about a hundred and fifty thousand men. And starting in when you did and with me to back you up—why, we'll make you a General in seven or eight years. That's the ticket. You stay in the Army." The Senator's cheek was flushed with enthusiasm and he looked eagerly and confidently at his son.

But Caspar had pulled a long face. "The Army?" he said. "Stay in the Army?"

The Senator continued to outline quite rapturously his idea of the future. "The Army, evidently, is just the place for you. You know as well as I do that you have not been a howling success, exactly, in anything else which you have tried. But now the Army just suits you. It is the kind of career which especially suits you. Well, then, go in, and go at it hard. Go in to win. Go at it."

"But——" began Caspar.

The Senator interrupted swiftly. "Oh, don't worry about that part of it. I'll take care of all that. You won't get jailed in some Arizona adobe for the rest of your natural life. There won't be much more of that, anyhow; and besides, as I say, I'll look after all that end of it. The chance is splendid. A young, healthy and intelligent man, with the start you've already got, and with my backing, can do anything—anything! There will be a lot of active service—oh, yes, I'm sure of it—and everybody who——"

"But," said Caspar, wan, desperate, heroic, "father, I don't care to stay in the Army."

The Senator lifted his eyes and darkened. "What?" he said. "What's that?" He looked at Caspar.

The son became tightened and wizened like an old miser trying to withhold gold. He replied with a sort of idiot obstinacy, "I don't care to stay in the Army."

The Senator's jaw clinched down and he was dangerous. But, after all, there was something mournful somewhere. "Why, what do you mean?" he asked gruffly.

"Why, I couldn't get along, you know. The—the——"

"The what?" demanded the father, suddenly uplifted with thunderous anger. "The what?"

Caspar's pain found a sort of outlet in mere irresponsible talk. "Well, you know—the other men, you know. I couldn't get along with them, you know. They're peculiar, somehow; odd; I didn't understand them, and they didn't understand me. We—we didn't hitch, somehow. They're a queer lot. They've got funny ideas. I don't know how to explain it exactly, but—somehow—I don't like 'em. That's all there is to it. They're good fellows enough, I know, but——"

"Oh, well, Caspar," interrupted the Senator, then he seemed to weigh a great fact in his mind, "I guess——" He paused again in profound consideration, "I guess——" he lit a small, brown cigar, "I guess you are no—— good."

BY THE CAVE OF PAN

By CLINTON SCOLLARD

UNDER the trees by the cave of Pan,
That is the spot I love,
Where the sunlight filters the blue day long,
And Jordan murmurs its ceaseless song,
And Hermon towers above!

Under the trees by the cave of Pan,
Oh, to loiter and dream!
To let the heart turn back to the time
When the maidens came with their wreaths and rhyme
To the shrine by the singing stream!

Under the trees by the cave of Pan,
Thrall to the olden mirth,
Oh, just to lie on the thymy sod,
And tune a reed with the goat-hoof god
To the lyrics of the earth!

MEN OF ACTION

Charles Ranlett Flint

By Perriton Maxwell

DO YOU think he can do the work we require?"

"A chap with his jaw can do anything!"

The query was put by—no matter whom; the reply, a spontaneous, if inelegant tribute, came from William R. Grace, who even in that early day (it was 1869) was a prince among New York merchants. The "chap" in the case was an unknown youth named Charles R. Flint, an ambitious dock clerk who, ever seeking to advance himself, besought the vacated berth of confidential clerk with the shipping and commission firm of W. R. Grace.

It was not long after William R. Grace had given the young man with a square jaw the position he sought that things began to happen. One of the things was the formation of the firm of W. R. Grace & Co., with the confidential clerk as an active partner. He had previously organized the firm of Gilchrist, Flint & Co., and this concern was merged into the now famous firm of William R. Grace & Co. The year that saw the formation of the latter firm (1872) also recorded the establishment of Grace & Co., of Chile, and J. W. Grace & Co., of San Francisco. It was not enough for the youthful Flint to grow rich and powerful in New York. He saw still more fertile fields in the distance.

MR. FLINT'S SHARE IN GREAT ENTERPRISES

In 1876 he organized the firm of Grace Brothers & Co., in Callao, Peru, and, returning at the end of that year, was appointed Consul in New York City for the Republic of Chile. Two years later, during the absence of the *chargé d'affaires*, the archives and correspondence of the Chilian Legation were intrusted to Mr. Flint. This position he held until the Chilian Republic declared war against Peru in April, 1879, when, because of the relation of his firm to the Peruvian Government as financial agents, he cabled to the Chilian authorities his resignation. Those were days in Mr. Flint's life when business was closely interwoven with South American politics, which is another term for excitement, intrigue, and that delightful sensation of not knowing when you go to bed who will be at the head of the Government when the breakfast bell rings.

In 1878 Mr. Flint organized the Export Lumber Company, which handles over 200,000,000 feet of lumber every year; in 1881 he organized the crude rubber business now known as the Crude Rubber Company; in 1885 he established the firm of Flint & Co., lumber, rubber and general commission merchants; from 1889 to 1890 he was a member of the International Conference of American Republics; in 1891 he assisted in the negotiation of the Reciprocity Treaty with Brazil; in 1896 he established the Flint & Co. Pacific Coast Clipper Line between New York and San Francisco; in 1897 he was made Chairman of the Reorganization Committee which consolidated the street railroads of Syracuse, N. Y., under the name of the Syracuse Rapid Transit Railway Company—and he was equally prominent in as many more enterprises not enumerated.

Of Mr. Flint's minor interests, one is electrical development. In 1880 he became President of the United States Electric Lighting Company. The affairs of this concern can keep its chief executive busy every day in the working week—if that officer should happen to be the average business man. President Flint knows to the minutest detail what is done at this plant; its workings and financial status are at his finger-tips. But he spends very few hours there. At stated times he must be present at the business councils of the National Bank of the Republic, Produce Exchange Bank, Knickerbocker Trust Co., Manaos Railway Company and the State Trust Company. These are affairs, please note, quite apart from his main business as head of the great firm of Flint & Co., as Treasurer of the United States Rubber Company, whose present capital is $50,000,000, and as Director and Chairman in the Mechanical Rubber Company with a capital of $15,000,000, the Rubber Goods Manufacturing Company, capitalized for $25,000,000, and the American Paper Company, capitalized for $16,000,000.

A POSER FOR THE DIRECTORY MAKERS

Illustrating Mr. Flint's perplexing variety of interests and occupations, the story is told that when an employee of a directory company called at the Flint residence on East Thirty-sixth Street, in New York, and asked the occupation of the householder, Mrs. Flint began at once enumerating the presidencies, directorships, managerial posts and the like to the gaping directory man.

"But which of Mr. Flint's occupations is the foremost, the most important one?" queried the directory man.

"They are all equally important," replied Mrs. Flint, enjoying her interrogator's amazement. And then, foreseeing a possible error in fixing an occupation for her husband, she added: "I think you had better put him down as a merchant."

Born in Thomaston, Maine, January 24, 1850, Charles Ranlett Flint springs of sturdy and estimable stock. The progenitor of the family in this country, Thomas Flint, emigrated to America from Wales in 1642 and settled at Salem (now South Danvers), Massachusetts. This pioneer acquired his land by purchase in 1654, and the picturesque old homestead has remained in the family since that date. The groundwork of Charles R. Flint's education was laid in the public schools of his native place and in the school of Warren Johnson, a tutor of more than local fame, in Topsham, Maine. When he attained the age of sixteen he was graduated from the Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn, New York. Though a good student, young Flint was foremost in every kind of athletic sport, and his early love for out-of-door exercise has never left him.

When he visited Brazil, in 1884, Mr. Flint decided that rubber was to be one of the greatest commodities of the future, and his decision was without a flaw. Having established a large rubber business on the Amazon, he returned to New York to "boom" rubber. Soon after his return to the North he was appointed Consul for Nicaragua in New York, and represented that province in negotiations with the concerns that are now the concessionaires of the Nicaragua Canal. But of all the other enterprises in which he subsequently took an active part, the rubber industry was first in his mind. In 1881 he consolidated the leading manufactories in the crude rubber business, and eleven years later he had realized the greatest ambition of his career—the perfected organization of the United States Rubber Company, which to-day is one of the strongest and most influential manufacturing combinations in the world, with a capital of $50,000,000 and the control of the entire rubber boot and shoe output of the United States.

That Mr. Flint is numbered among the friends of trusts goes without saying. Here is his contention on the now important question of industrial combinations and their alleged harmful operation; his simple declaration of business faith:

WHY MR. FLINT BELIEVES IN TRUSTS

"The chief advantage possessed by these combinations, and one which overshadows all others, lies in the ability to cheapen the cost of manufacturing by the introduction of careful and intelligent management into their various operating departments. When once a merger is effected and the managers are able to compare the past records of the various plants, it is invariably found that, owing to abler management or better facilities, some plants were turning out their product at a much lower cost than others. Under the new régime all this is at once changed. Incompetent managers are discharged, and the methods which before prevailed in the most-favored and best-equipped plants are introduced into all. If it is found that there is a greater aggregate capacity than the legitimate consumption demands, some plants—usually those in which the cost of operating is the greatest—are closed down, and the remainder operated to their full capacity. In this way each plant is enabled to turn out the maximum of product at the minimum of cost—which is the perfection of manufacturing. This may seem hard for the workmen in the idle plants, who are thrown out of employment, and so it is. But it must be remembered that the aggregate of labor employed is as great in the one instance as in the other. It is shifted from one place to another, and a smaller number of men are employed on full time, instead of a greater number working short hours only. From my own observation, extending over many years and including all branches of manufacture, I am satisfied that combinations of this kind are not inimical to the interests of the workingman. On the contrary, the men employed by them receive steadier employment, and generally at better wages, than the same class of labor under open competition. In fact, reductions in wages are oftener brought about by excessive competition than by any other cause."

CHARLES R. FLINT

THE CAPITALIST AS A DIPLOMAT

Probably the most important public service Mr. Flint has rendered during his active career was as delegate from the United States to the International American Conference, which appointment he received from President Harrison. Mr. Flint's intimate knowledge of the conditions and resources of South American countries made his services of great value. It was at this time he helped organize the International American Bank, with its offices in all the South American Republics. By request of Secretary Blaine, Mr. Flint acted as confidential agent of the Department of State in negotiating with the Brazilian Ministry the first reciprocity treaty under the Aldrich amendment. The new treaty became the basis of other treaties with South American countries, and gave the United States advantage in its negotiations with Spain. When later the Da Gama rebellion broke out in Brazil, it was Mr. Flint who, as the agent of President Piexoto, purchased vessels and munitions of war. The fleet of warships which was sent down to the disturbed Southern country was capable of discharging 4500 pounds of dynamite simultaneously, and when the little squadron, including such boats as Ericsson's Destroyer, the swift yachts Feiseen and Javelin, the converted steamer Nictheroy and the gunboat America, dropped anchor off the scene of the rebellion, the rebel fleet which had awaited the squadron's arrival slunk away under cover of night and later surrendered unconditionally. The entire formation of this fleet was superintended by Mr. Flint.

FORMING TRUSTS ON A YACHT

Those who know him well consider Mr. Flint as much a sportsman as he is man of affairs. He was one of the owners of the Vigilant, which, it will be remembered, successfully defended the America's cup against Lord Dunraven's Valkyrie II. As a member of the New York, Seawanhaka, Larchmont and Atlantic Yacht Clubs, Mr. Flint formerly devoted his leisure hours—and strangely enough this busiest of Americans has leisure hours—to sports aquatic. Within recent years, however, the lusty sport of big-game shooting has captivated him, and, in pursuit of his quarry, he has ranged the pampas and forests of South America and tramped over the trail of caribou, elk and bear among the Rockies and through the fastnesses of the Canadian mountains.

The Flint offices are in the Johnston Building near the Stock Exchange, and here is one of the busiest scenes in that busiest centre of New York. Clerks, managers, specialists swarm about the place. Reaching his office at an early hour, Mr. Flint loses no time in sweeping out of his way the affairs which demand immediate attention. In the fore part of the day he is seldom at his desk. Followed by an amanuensis, he is here, there, everywhere among the banks and trust companies. At luncheon he is tête-à-tête with some man with whom he has a business engagement. In the summer he boards his yacht at a point off the lower part of the city and is usually joined by a party of financiers with whom there is some matter of important business on hand. From the Battery to the Flint country house at Ardsley on the Hudson is some twenty-five miles, and within this distance, comfortably ensconced aboard a fast-sailing yacht, more than one negotiation of national commercial importance has been brought to a satisfactory conclusion. This new way of doing business is very end-of-the-century, and in this, as in so many other business innovations, Charles R. Flint was the chief pioneer and present leader.

THE PERSONALITY OF THE MAN

Physically, Mr. Flint is built on the plan of a dry-goods box—square and stocky. He is big-boned, straight-shouldered, keen-eyed, and the power that is in him is clearly indicated by his face. Determination is written in every wrinkle of cheek and forehead. His closely cropped side-whiskers and black, thin mustache give him a severe look and help to hide a mouth as hard as iron—the mouth that once firmly set means the accomplishment of any undertaking its possessor has set his heart upon. Then there is that jaw. It is a face not easily forgotten, and while it proclaims the character behind it, there are times when it is luminous with merriment or the recollection of good hunting—be it of money or moose.

The MILLIONAIRE'S Christmas Card

By BARRY PAIN

MRS. CHARWELL, aged thirty-five, and still pretty, had £40 a year of her own, inherited from her father. Mr. Charwell, cheerful and energetic, but not brilliant, earned an annual salary of £100 as one of the secretaries of the great Charles Chalsmith. And as his hours at Mr. Chalsmith's were not very long, he made another £45 a year by working for a building society. Cora Charwell, aged ten their daughter and only child, had, in a money-box, not bearing interest, a lump sum of sevenpence, being the remainder of one shilling presented to her on her birthday by Uncle Herbert.

Students of arithmetic will gather, then, that the total annual income of the Charwells was £185 per annum. It may be added that the Charwells did exceedingly well on it.

Both Ernest Charwell and Anna his wife respected themselves vastly. Were they not of the professional class? Appearances were studied and extravagant living was avoided. Mrs. Charwell did not confine herself to being pretty—she was also clever and resourceful. She performed the difficult feat of getting the maximum of work out of a little general servant, and at the same time rendering the girl deeply attached to her. In cookery she was great—and confessed it. She could make cold mutton (New Zealand) do anything except speak. Day after day it leaped out at Ernest Charwell in a different disguise, baffled him, and delighted him. Nor was it only in cookery that her power for transformation lay. When the frock coat and gray trousers of Ernest Charwell were no longer of an appearance consistent with the dignity of the professional classes, he left for a few days that particular suit in her hands. It came back from them with every frayed edge mended—if that could be called mending which bore all the appearance of actual renewal—with every shiny patch and spot vanished, with the general tone of the buttons completely restored, and with a crease that looked almost aggressive. It was a miracle, and smelt rather strongly of benzine.

Ernest Charwell himself did what he could; shortly after his marriage he made the discovery (which had eluded him for years) that beer is "heating to the blood." After that it was water on week-days and beer on Sundays; mind, there were always a few bottles of port in the cupboard under the stairs, which Ernest called the cellar, and it only needed a strong enough stimulus (Christmas Day, or their wedding anniversary, or a combination of a birthday and a visitor) to bring one of those bottles out. Further researches showed Ernest that a tobacco cheaper by one penny an ounce than that which he had been in the habit of smoking was as a matter of fact infinitely better in aroma, and that the pipe became more enjoyable if one did not—except on Sundays—smoke till after supper; also, that the exercise of walking back from Chalsmith's big house in Hill Street to the Charwells' small house in Putney was (quite apart from the saving of a 'bus fare) beneficial to the health.

Yes, with a little management and economy the Charwells did very well on their £185. Their house, St. Josephine's (*alias* 21 Braddon Street), was undeniably the smartest in the row, and the cleanest. Its curtains had a style; its window-boxes were of an elegance; the brass knocker and door-handle were perfect mirrors.

Cora, beautifully dressed, attended the academy of the Misses Salt, and the charges of the Misses Salt are, it is said in Braddon Street, pretty stiff; not that I would imply that those amiable instructresses were in any way grasping—it was only a desire to keep the thing select. And the Charwells were not without the means for a little pleasure and holiday-making. They took a full fortnight at the seaside every year, choosing Birchington for its quiet and neglecting Margate for its vulgarity. They had a great interest in the drama, and occasionally saw a popular success from the pit or an absolute failure from some more glorious part of the house. In the latter case there were free passes to be obtained, if you knew a man whose friend had a cousin with influence, and Ernest Charwell knew that man. On the whole, the Charwells were a remarkably happy and contented family.

They were not, however, without their anxieties. Ernest Charwell meekly owned that if he ever lost his berth with the great Chalsmith he would never get such a post again; indeed, it might be long before he got any post at all, for secretaries of Charwell's attainments are common and very cheap. He would not lose it through intemperance, dishonesty, idleness or impertinence; but he might, being but human, make two blunders. At the second blunder Charles Chalsmith dismissed you.

"He's an awful man," said Ernest Charwell. "I remember the case of Rogers. He blundered in copying an address from the book, and a letter went wrong. Old Chalsmith called him in and said as pleasant as could be: 'That's a mistake, Mr. Rogers. Don't make another.' Rogers said he wouldn't, and thought he'd got off easily. Six months later Rogers used a wrong code-word in a business telegram. 'Go,' said Chalsmith. 'Your money will be sent you.' Sometimes when I'm at work I think of that case of Rogers, and I come over all hot and cold. What happened to him might happen to me. Nobody could be steadier or more careful than poor Rogers was."

"Well," said Mrs. Charwell, "you've been with him two years, and you haven't made one mistake yet."

"No," said Ernest; "I haven't. But if I ever did, and he called me in and said, 'Don't make another,' as he did to poor Rogers, I should lose my head altogether. My nerve would go. I should miss the post, or do something ghastly like that, and get the sack that very day. He doesn't storm or swear; he stares at you and sacks you. Oh, he's awful!"

"It's a funny thing," said Mrs. Charwell, "for he's generous, too."

"Yes, but it's all in the same kind of cast-iron way, my dear. If it's your first Christmas in his service he gives you a fowl. If it's the second, a turkey. If it's the third, a sovereign. The fourth brings you two sovereigns, and the fifth a five-pound note."

"And after that?"

"He's never had a secretary that's lasted more than five years. Jameson will get a fiver this Christmas, and he says he regards it as a kind of death-warrant. You know, Jameson's made one mistake. It's the same way with the old man's Christmas presents to heads of departments down at the works—all graduated like a thermometer; the longer the service the bigger the present."

"Well," said Mrs. Charwell, still striving to be consolatory, "when a man's even and methodical like that, you always know what to expect, and that's something."

"But you don't," said Ernest mournfully. "In some things he's as regular as a clock, and in others he's all anyhow. For weeks he hasn't said to me a word beyond what was necessary, and this afternoon, in the middle of dictating a letter, he started about—what do you think?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"About his will. 'I've made a new will,' he said. I didn't know what to say. I said 'Oh?' 'Yes,' he said; 'and in case you or Jameson want to murder me, it only seems fair to tell you that my death will only benefit you after you have completed nine years of service. Of course you can murder me before that if you like, but from the point of view of your own pocket it would be a mistake.'"

"Why, he was joking with you!"

"He may have been," said Ernest, still plaintive, "but he didn't smile. For my part, I like a man to laugh when he makes a joke. Then you can't be in any doubt. But that's just part of his awfulness."

However, Ernest Charwell, though not brilliant, was remarkably accurate and painstaking. What he could do quite right on Monday he could do just as rightly on the other days of the week; which alone shows that he was not a man of genius. When Christmas came around his record was still quite unspoiled. During his last morning's work it pleased the great Charles Chalsmith once more to become conversational. Ernest Charwell had just finished checking the long list of Christmas presents that his employer had sent out.

Chalsmith's face was inscrutable. It was old, thin, full of character, slightly cynical in expression, but it never told anybody anything which Chalsmith did not want known. Charwell watched it earnestly, but never obtained from it the least hint as to what he was expected to say.

Chalsmith pushed the list from him. "That's all right," he said. "And how many presents do you think I received myself last Christmas?"

"Can't say, I'm sure, sir. Hundreds; perhaps thousands."

"Not one, Charwell; not one. Not so much as a half-penny card."

"You surprise me, sir. With so many friends . . . relatives, too——"

"I've got no relatives left now that I regard in that light. I've a host of cousins, nephews and nieces, and a brother that I personally dislike. Yes, they used to send me presents once. Friends used to send 'em, too. But I stopped it."

"Stopped it?"

"Yes. Ground bait's no good with this fish. I told 'em so. They weren't presents—only investments. And that's all a millionaire can expect. Not one of 'em—friends or relatives—will ever dare to try that trick with me again. A present to me is a piece of impertinence. It's the same thing as a begging letter. By the way, how do we stand with those this morning?"

"Fifteen appeals from organized charities, thirty-six from individuals."

"Beautiful season, Christmas! There, get on with your work. Send 'em all the printed refusal."

That night, while Cora was busy with the dispatch of her Christmas cards, and Mrs. Charwell was putting the last touches to the Christmas decorations at St. Josephine's, Braddon Street, Putney, Ernest observed with some mystery and importance that he knew of one man in London, a rich man, with plenty of friends and relations, who would not receive a single present, not even a Christmas card.

"What, you don't mean Mr. Chalsmith?" exclaimed his wife.

"I mean him and no other."

All this the child Cora heard and understood. She heard, but did not understand the explanation which followed. The idea left in her mind was that here was a poor wretch who was going to have nothing at all this Christmas. Nothing, nothing, nothing! The thought of it was agonizing.

Now Cora had a heart as soft as snow. She also had a girlish, innocent love of romance and secrecy. And when she went out to post her letters in the pillar-box at the corner of Braddon Street there was among them one in a pink envelope with a blue forget-me-not on the flap, addressed in a neat, round hand, "Mr. Chalsmith, Hill Street, W."

Her parents knew nothing of it. In their ignorance they enjoyed their Christmas very much. Uncle Herbert joined them at dinner, bringing with him presents of remarkable magnificence. Cora entertained a select party of her school-fellows in the course of the afternoon. Chestnuts were roasted, games were played, dances were danced. Uncle Herbert increased his reputation as an amateur conjurer. Mrs. Charwell played on the tinkling little piano. Ernest beamed impartially on everybody, like the sun.

Had he but known of Cora's letter he would have felt as one jesting on the brink of destruction.

DRAWN BY F. H. TOWNSEND

MR. CHALSMITH WAS NOT AN AWFUL MAN AT ALL

Chapter II

THE four days of Christmas holiday allowed to Ernest Charwell had gone. Hardly had he arrived on the fifth day at Hill Street when he was summoned to Mr. Chalsmith's room.

"Read that," said Chalsmith shortly.

Charwell recognized the handwriting and the pink note-paper, though he could hardly believe his eyes. The note ran as follows:

> "*Dear Mr. Chalsmith:* I heard pa tell ma you never have anything at Christmas. I am very sorry for you. This is only a card but I hope you will like it. Wishing you a merry Christmas, I am,
>
> "Yours affectionately, CORA CHARWELL."

The card, with a colored representation of a Japanese fan and a bunch of roses, and a verse of poetry, lay on the table.

"I presume it's to one of your children that I owe this piece of impertinence," Mr. Chalsmith said, glaring at his wretched secretary.

"I'm afraid it's my little girl," he said. "I've only one child, sir. If I'd only known she was going to do it I'd have stopped it. Not that she meant any harm, for she's a good girl; but she doesn't understand the difference in position, and

only partially overhearing what I was saying, I suppose—— Well, I'll speak very seriously to her about it."

"No, you won't," said Chalsmith sharply. "I'll speak to her myself. Write a note to your wife to say that the child's to come here at once. The four-wheeler that takes the note can bring back the child. And—look here; let me see that letter before it's sent. Say no more in it than what I've told you."

The note was written and approved. The carriage was sent off, and in due course returned with the wonder-stricken Cora. She was much impressed with the appearance of the dignified gentleman who opened the door for her, with the great width of the staircase, the softness of the carpets, and the big oil paintings with their heavy gilt frames. But the tall, lean old man in the room into which she was shown impressed her much less.

While the interview between Cora and Mr. Chalsmith was taking place, Ernest Charwell made superhuman efforts. In describing it afterward, he said that he felt if he let himself go for one moment he would lose his head and make those two mistakes which inevitably ended a secretary's engagement with Mr. Chalsmith. By a heroic effort he managed to concentrate his mind on the work on which he was engaged. The only difference was that he worked more slowly than usual, checking himself at every step. At last Cora departed in another carriage, without having seen her father, and Ernest Charwell was once more summoned to the great man's room.

The great man's face was as inscrutable as ever. He merely repeated the accustomed phrase, "Take down." And Charwell took down in shorthand from his employer's dictation fourteen business letters which were of considerable importance but had nothing whatever to do with Cora, or with Christmas cards. Then Mr. Chalsmith said that he wanted those letters as soon as possible, and that concluded the interview.

Ernest Charwell did not see his employer again until the end of the day, and then he could bear the suspense no longer, and ventured to broach the subject. "I beg your pardon, sir," he said, "but I'm a good deal worried about that card."

Chalsmith said nothing.

"I do hope you won't take it as a mistake on my part."

Then Chalsmith spoke.

"I have seen the child, and I'm pleased with her. That card was a genuine present, and I value it. Genuine, mind you—the only piece of genuine kindness that I've received for many a year. I had thought the child might have had a hint from your wife, but I was wrong. She did it off her own bat, and I'm—I'm very well satisfied."

"That's a weight off my mind. Very kind of you, I'm sure."

So far Charles Chalsmith had said exactly what he meant, but though he still spoke with apparent seriousness, a very careful observer might have detected a very slight humorous twinkle somewhere at the back of his eye.

"Well," said Chalsmith, "I've come to a decision. In one way I suppose you will consider it a loss, but from the pecuniary point of view it will be an important gain. I intend to adopt your child. I shall take her away and——"

"*I'm hanged if you will!*" exclaimed the child's father, forgetting for one moment that he was also the great man's secretary. His face was crimson, his eyes started out of his head, his foot stamped, his fists were clenched, his general appearance was ridiculous; and in the heat of his passion he was quite unconscious what extremely strong, improper and disrespectful language he had used to his employer, and of what the awful consequences might be.

The immediate consequences, though hardly awful, were remarkable. For the first and only time in his life Charwell saw the great man laugh. He laughed heartily, explosively, and made the queerest possible noises, as if the laughing machinery had got rusty and did not work quite smoothly. Charwell stared at him aghast, with a strong impression that Mr. Chalsmith had gone clean off his mind.

"Don't fret yourself, Charwell. I didn't mean it. I know very well there are some things I can't buy. No need to curse and swear at me." He laughed again, but the laughter had in it something of bitterness. It dawned upon Charwell that the great man had been joking with him.

"I see, sir. Sorry if I——"

"Don't apologize. I'm glad to see that you can wake up, if one only goes deep enough. I'll tell you something, Charwell. I choose to be treated with respect, but I neither like nor trust the man whom nothing on earth can make let himself go. Supposing my proposal had been serious, as you thought it was, your answer was the proper one. You're all right, your child's all right, and everything's all right."

Charwell left Hill Street with his head in a whirl. He had been assured that everything was all right, but he was exceedingly anxious to know what had taken place at that interview between the great man and Cora. He even had the wicked and extravagant thought that he would get home quicker if he took a hansom, but he conquered it, and contented himself with the Putney omnibus.

It was Cora's opinion that Mr. Chalsmith was not an awful man at all. He asked no end of questions, and he didn't seem very cheerful part of the time, but she couldn't understand anybody's being afraid of him. Why, he said that the card was beautiful, and that it was good of her to have thought of him, and when she went away he kissed her.

Asked what she meant about his not being very cheerful part of the time, she said that was when he talked about another Cora who had died long ago. "He said a lot of things about her that weren't very interesting to me, because, of course, I didn't know her. I think he was very fond of her. Then he said something in some foreign language that I didn't understand, and I thought he was going to cry."

Charwell would have been less surprised if she had told him that she had thought his employer was going to fly. But, after all, Chalsmith had laughed—that very afternoon he had laughed most distinctly and without reserve. Other emotion might be possible to him.

Further inquiries revealed that on her departure the great Chalsmith himself had come downstairs with her, put her into a cab, paid the man, and taken his number by way of precaution. Cora had never luxuriated in four-wheelers in this reckless way before, and was rather proud of her experience.

—ON HER DEPARTURE THE GREAT CHALSMITH HIMSELF HAD COME DOWNSTAIRS WITH HER, PUT HER INTO A CAB, PAID THE MAN, AND TAKEN HIS NUMBER BY WAY OF PRECAUTION

When she had gone to bed, Mrs. Charwell asked her husband who this other Cora could have been.

"Can't say," said Ernest. "Rogers once told me that Chalsmith had been a widower for the last twenty years. May have been his wife."

"Anyhow," said Mrs. Charwell, "what I think is, that he'll die and leave our Cora all his money."

"I don't," said Ernest. And he was perfectly correct.

But on New Year's Day Cora received the following letter:

> "*My Dear Miss Charwell:* My taste in New Year's cards is not very good, and the inclosed, which I send with my best wishes, is remarkably simple in design. But I think if you write your name on the back of it, and give it to your father to take care of, it may one day be of use to you.
>
> "Yours respectfully, CHARLES CHALSMITH."

The inclosed was a check to the order of Miss Cora Charwell for one hundred guineas. And St. Josephine's, *alias* 21 Braddon Street, Putney, S. W., nearly went mad with delight.

Years have passed. Ernest is no longer a secretary. Mr. E. M. Sales, in a position of considerable trust at the works at St. Albans, had large sums of Mr. Chalsmith's money passing through his hands, and permitted about two per cent. of it to stick there. Therefore Mr. E. M. Sales is at present working very hard, and wearing his hair very short, and not enjoying himself at all. Ernest Charwell reigns in his place, and a very good place it is—£400 a year, and a house, and a raise every two years. And as he is still very accurate and transparently honest, he is likely to retain his position. When Mr. Chalsmith visits the works he does not omit to inquire for Cora.

Cora, by the way, has grown remarkably pretty, and has been very nicely brought up, and is as kind-hearted as ever. And the young men of her neighborhood are not blind.

THE PROBLEM OF THE GREAT LAKES

By WALDON FAWCETT

THE declaration of the German Emperor, "Our future lies in the sea," will in all probability be given a very literal application to the United States by the next Congress. An extensive naval program is to be approved, liberal expenditures will be authorized for river and harbor improvements, and a number of influences affecting, directly or indirectly, the navigation interests of the Great Lakes will be considered.

In all the projects for the furtherance of the interests of our water-borne commerce one scheme stands out unique and distinct by reason of its novelty and originality. It is a plan for the construction of a monster dam in the Niagara River just above the falls. An artificial breastwork to stem the mighty torrent would cost, it is claimed, perhaps a million dollars. The tangible results of the expenditure would be an increase of the mean level of the waters of three of the Great Lakes to a degree ranging from two to three feet.

The suggestion for the Niagara dam will be presented to Congress as the solution of a grave problem which has proved very perplexing alike to private business interests and to Governmental experts. The necessity for the growth of the navigation interests of the Great Lakes has become imperative. Every year finds a larger portion of the world dependent upon the Lake Superior district for its iron ore supply, and now the lake ships bring down annually between fifteen and sixteen million tons of ore. In supplying breadstuffs for the Atlantic seaboard and Europe the thousands of ships on the Great Lakes play a most important part. These great, ungainly looking monsters of the inland seas can carry commodities for less cost than one-fifth the charge made by the railroads, and so each year they bring down the products of the grainfields of the Northwest to the aggregate of nearly a hundred million bushels, to say nothing of millions of barrels of flour.

But conditions on these vast ponds have changed radically during the past few years. The Rockefellers, the Carnegies and other powers of the money world have entered the field of lake commerce and have crowded out the slow-going sailing craft of other days with great steel vessels equaling in size the transatlantic liners of a few years ago. These vessels are capable of netting their owners a profit of about $14,000 on a single trip. The chief obstacle which blocked the way to the larger vessels demanded by the commerce is the shallow channels. Some years ago the whole world heard of a twenty-foot channel that was to be constructed through the entire chain of the Great Lakes, and of the wonderful results which would follow. Millions of dollars have been appropriated by Congress for the work, but still the dream is far from realization.

No wonder, then, that the whole shipping and commercial interests on fresh water are intensely interested in this new project, coming as it does from a quarter from which no relief was expected. When, a couple of years ago, Congress authorized the appointment by the President of a Deep Waterway Commission, the duties of the new body were supposed to consist solely in the investigation of the practicability of a deep waterway between the Great Lakes and the Atlantic Ocean. The commission not only investigated this subject, but it went over the whole subject of the fluctuations of the waters of the lakes and rivers extending from Buffalo to Duluth and Chicago, and considered the most available means for maintaining a uniform depth of twenty-one feet throughout the navigable channels. Now the Board is ready to report to the next session of Congress that an expenditure of a million dollars in damming the Niagara River below Buffalo will result in raising the mean level of the waters of Lake Erie three feet, those of Lake St. Clair two feet, and Lake Huron one foot.

The vesselmen of the Great Lakes are enthusiastic upon the subject of the Niagara dam project for another reason: it will materially shorten the season of navigation. To an outsider this may seem, at least at first thought, a strange sentiment, but the owners of boats and the men who sail them would much prefer a short season with high rates rather than a long season with more moderate carrying charges. The former means greater profits with less labor and less expense.

That the opening of navigation would be delayed each year several weeks beyond the present time is proved by existing circumstances. Long after warm weather has made its appearance in the spring and the influence of the sun has hewn into floating cakes the great fields of ice, navigation is rendered impossible on Lake Erie because the Niagara River, being unable to carry off the ice with sufficient rapidity, it is piled in a great mass at the eastern end of the lake. Of course, with a dam thrown across the Niagara River the progress of the ice would be retarded even more, to say nothing of the possibility of an ice jam.

The disadvantages of the project are found in the damage which will inevitably be worked to property on the borders of the lakes by raising the water level several feet. Especially will the owners of water-front in Buffalo suffer from the great ice jams which may be expected to form in the spring. On frequent occasions high water under normal conditions has done considerable damage in Buffalo. With the normal lake level raised three feet, and with an ice blockade and spring freshets exerting a combined influence, it would certainly not be unreasonable to expect serious consequences.

Around the World in the Twentieth Century

By Arthur P. Greeley
Assistant Commissioner of Patents, U.S.Patent Office

FROM the viewpoint of the ancients, the world was extremely vast—well-nigh illimitable, indeed, inasmuch as the known part of it was supposed to be surrounded by mysterious and unexplored regions of indefinite extent inhabited by strange and scarcely human natives. Even after the shape and dimensions of the globe had come to be understood with approximate accuracy, it still seemed enormous, owing to the great length of time required for traversing distances by sail or horse—the most rapid methods of locomotion with which mankind was acquainted up to seventy-five years ago. But the application of a single invention, the steam engine, has brought about a tremendous shrinkage in the apparent size of the earth, which in a sense is becoming steadily and even rapidly smaller year by year, as train schedules are cut down and trans-oceanic steamers make new records.

When Jules Verne's Around the World in Eighty Days was published, in the early seventies, the passage from Southampton to New York required about nine days. Quite recently the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse made it in five days and eighteen hours—a reduction of nearly forty per cent. on that one stretch of the earth-girdling journey. On land, the gain in speed of transportation has been at least equally great; for in 1875 an express train running thirty miles an hour was considered fast, whereas nowadays we demand fifty miles as a matter of course, including stops, and short distances are often covered at a rate of sixty miles an hour.

FORTY MILES AN HOUR BY STEAMER

Now, we know very well that neither the passenger steamship nor the railway express has reached its maximum speed, and it is interesting to speculate as to how far these modes of locomotion are likely to be improved upon or to be supplemented by others of new invention. One should be conservative in discussing matters of this kind, but it does not seem to me improbable that trains will travel at a rate of one hundred miles an hour, or even faster, by the year 1950. The ocean-going steamer will attain forty miles, perhaps—about the practicable limit for a passenger vessel, I think. But on *terra firma* there are great possibilities ahead for vehicular conveyances as yet unthought of or, like the automobile, in the infancy of their development.

Let us imagine, for the sake of illustration, that it is the year 1950, A. D., and that you and I are going on a trip around the world, proposing to accomplish it in twenty-five days—a length of time which, I think, may possibly be sufficient for the purpose at that date. We start from New York westward by train, and having a few minutes to spare before stepping aboard, it will amuse us to walk along the station platform and take a look at the powerful engine which is to convey us across the continent. It is a really wonderful machine, and wholly unlike the old-fashioned steam locomotive which went out early in the twentieth century.

THE CYLINDRICAL LOCOMOTIVE

The locomotive resembles a huge cylindro-conical projectile—a cannon-shell magnified. In fact, to all intents and purposes it *is* a projectile, formed to pierce the air as effectively—that is, with as little friction—as possible. Being run by electricity, it has no boiler and no smokestack such as encumbered the old-style "iron horse," and of course no tender is required for carrying fuel. The engineer and his assistant occupy fairly comfortable quarters inside the body of the engine, and the machinery under their charge is so simple as to require very little attention. It consists, primarily, of a motor, to which the current is furnished through a conductor that runs alongside the rails. Thus the supply of power is continuous and unfailing.

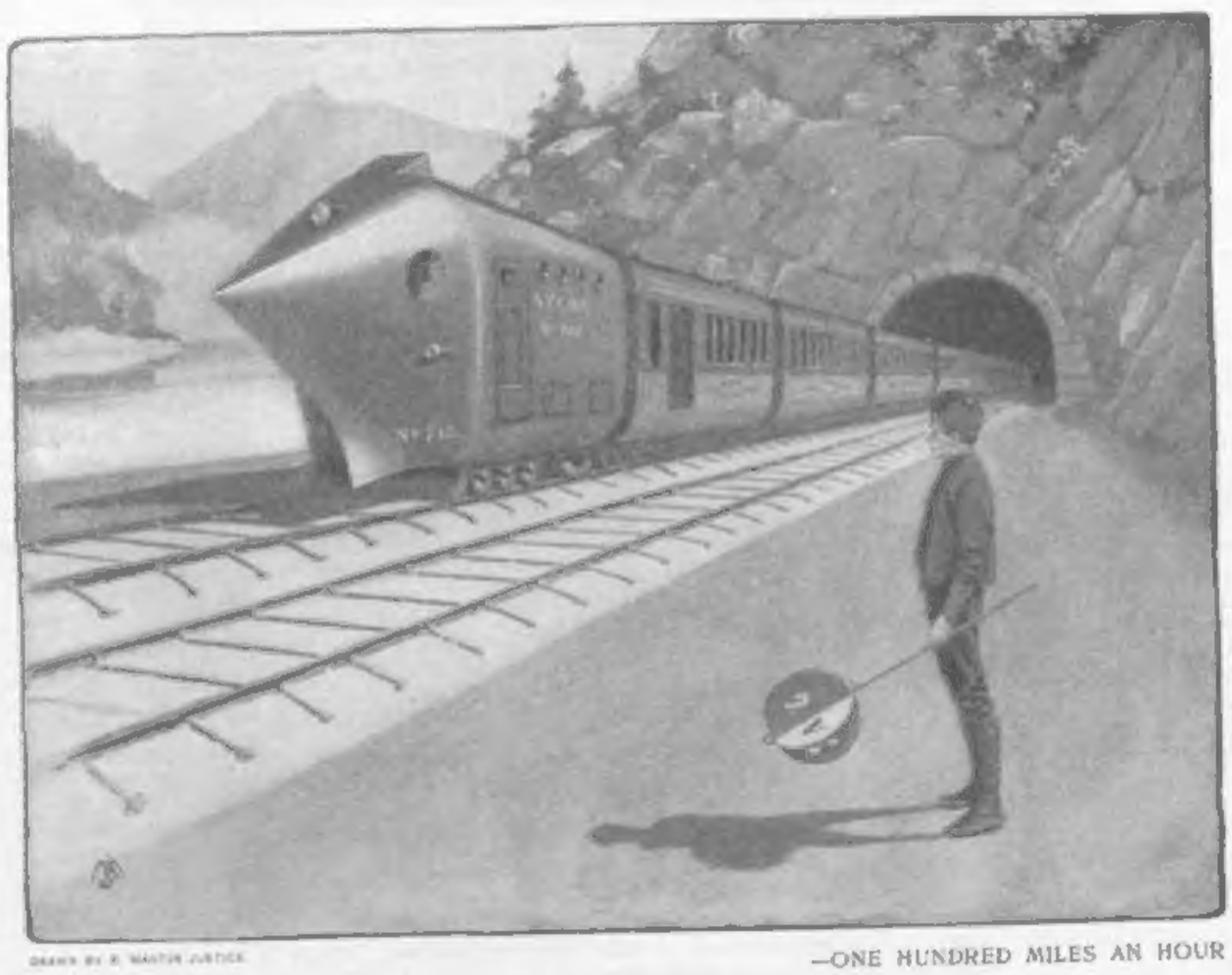
Now take a look at the cars and you will notice that they are lighter than those in use at the end of the nineteenth century. They are built entirely of steel and are rounded on top. This makes the air tend, as it rushes by, to hold the train down upon the track, thus reducing the chance of derailment, while, with the same end in view, the heavy motive apparatus is placed low down in the engine, rendering it less likely to topple over when going at high speed around curves. All the coaches are vestibuled so as to avoid air-resistance as much as possible. As a matter of course, the current which propels the train also lights and heats the cars and works the brakes.

"All aboard!" the conductor shouts, and a moment later we have started on our journey. As the train is gaining headway, we note the fact that the interior of the first-class passenger car has not been modified to any important extent since 1900, when it had already attained the practical maximum of comfort and luxurlousness. One notable improvement, however, is found in the leather-covered extension seats, which permit the traveler to assume a semi-recumbent attitude if he so desires. Few people to-day remember the archaic plush-covered benches of the second-class coaches of fifty years ago, which, like the famous cage invented in the time of Louis XI, permitted the occupant neither to sit up nor to lie down with bodily ease.

JOGGING ALONG AT NINETY MILES AN HOUR

In other respects railways have certainly improved enormously since 1900. See the landscape fly by the car window! We must be going ninety miles an hour at least, and this train, a "limited express," often "does" one hundred miles an hour for considerable distances. All the way from New York to Chicago the tracks are protected from trespassers by strong and high fences on both sides of the roadbed. Of course, this is the case with all first-class railroads nowadays, and one excellent effect of it has been to discourage the army of tramps, who used to spend most of their time in traveling over the country without paying fare, stealing rides on the cars. The building of the fences put a stop to this, and by depriving the tramps of their chief means of getting about, soon reduced their numbers by at least sixty per cent.

One reason why such high speeds are practicable in this year of grace 1950 is that there is no danger of running into anything or over anybody. The fences make the line strictly a private way, excluding trespassers, and all roads or streets that cross it are either elevated above or depressed beneath. One can hardly realize it, but at the beginning of the twentieth century railroads were commonly crossed at grade, causing the loss of hundreds of lives annually, while many hundreds of persons in addition were killed while walking over the tracks. It was a humorous feature of the situation that the railway companies were often compelled to pay heavy damages for injuries sustained by such trespassers.



DRAWN BY F. MARTIN JUSTICE

—ONE HUNDRED MILES AN HOUR

SENDING TELEGRAMS FROM MOVING TRAINS

What a nuisance the smoke and cinders of the steam locomotive used to be! The smell of the smoke made people sick, and the cinders got into their eyes, inflicting tortures. Every train conductor was expected to be something of an expert in the art of extracting cinders, so that he might relieve afflicted passengers. Happily, such troubles are now entirely done away with, inasmuch as the electric engine burns no fuel. Another improvement of more importance than we realize, perhaps, is the arrangement for telegraphing into the moving train, no matter how great its speed. This was accomplished experimentally, indeed, before 1900, but the practical solution of the problem came some time later. One notable advantage of it is that it keeps the engineer in direct communication with the train-dispatcher all the time, so that he is always under orders from headquarters—a means of safety, obviously.

The electric locomotive is not obliged to stop at intervals for fuel, interrupting speed; but a much more important help in the shortening of modern time-schedules has been the straightening of tracks. In 1950 we no longer go around mountains, save under exceptional circumstances; we prefer to bore through them. With the help of electric drills, cheap but powerful explosives, and improved electric cranes and shovels for removing blasted rock by wholesale, our engineers are able to bore through the biggest hills with a rapidity and cheapness undreamed of half a century ago. Consequently there are many more tunnels now than there were then, and cuts being made at much less expense, the road-beds are more level.

According to the time-schedule, we shall average sixty-five miles an hour on our entire trip across the continent, including stops, and we ought to reach San Francisco in forty hours from New York. We left the Eastern metropolis at exactly ten o'clock this morning, Wednesday, September 7, and we shall arrive at the Golden Gate at 2 A. M. on Friday. The distance has been made in thirty-three hours by a special train carrying the President of the United States, but we are ordinary folk, and must be content with an every-day rate of travel.

MISSING THE LIMITED AT CHICAGO

From New York to Chicago the fastest time is made, and in ten hours we reach the city by Lake Michigan, where we have a wait of ninety minutes. What a wonderful town it is, to be sure! I understand that this year's census is likely to credit it with a population of nearly six millions. The marvel of it, however, proves a misfortune to you and me, for it engenders a forgetfulness of the lapse of time, and after wandering about the brilliantly lighted streets for a while, we get back to the station just as our train is moving out. The gate closes in our faces, and we realize that we are left behind. It is a serious misfortune, for we are on a trip around the world, and money of no small magnitude is "up" on our quickness in accomplishing it.

If we were living away back in the year 1900, say, the only remedy in the emergency would be to hire a "special" and try to catch up with the trans-continental flyer so as to board it at its next stopping-place. Fortunately, this is the middle of the twentieth century, and there is a much easier and cheaper way of accomplishing the same object. The next stop to be made by the "Limited" is at Davenport, Iowa, one hundred and seventy-five miles away; we must overtake it there. Thank Heaven and its inventor for the liquid-air automobile!—a vehicle to which a speed of one hundred miles an hour is a mere bagatelle.

THE PURSUIT OF THE LIMITED

The twentieth century, luckily for us, is the age of good roads. As well as I can make out, the invention of the bicycle first suggested to Americans the idea that it was worth while to make smooth and durable the paths of travel. Then came the automobiles—now differentiated and specialized to so extraordinary an extent for every imaginable vehicular purpose—and they demanded satisfactory roads. The United States—infinitely surpassed by Europe in this respect fifty years ago—has to-day the finest system of roads in the world, city being connected with city by magnificent boulevards. My impression is that none of these boulevards is more majestic than that which, originally a Chicago street extended, now stretches from the metropolis by the lake to the large and flourishing city of Davenport.

Within fifteen minutes after missing our train we are relieved from anxiety by securing a liquid-air automobile, in which we embark for Davenport. The man in charge of the vehicle demands an extortionate price for his services, but we are not in a position to haggle, and so agree to pay him what he asks. It is the first long-distance trip that either of us has ever made in a conveyance of this kind, and we enjoy it hugely from beginning to end. The boulevard, one hundred feet in width and lined on both sides with tall poplar

trees that cast immense black shadows, is brightly illuminated with electric lights. So smoothly does the carriage glide over it on rubber-tired wheels that we seem almost to be flying, and the pace being steadily accelerated, we soon begin to realize that we are actually traveling at a rate exceeding one hundred miles an hour. It is exhilarating in the highest degree, though the air-pressure is something tremendous, and were it not for the wind-shield protecting the driver and ourselves we should be blown out of the vehicle.

It seems to me that the liquid-air automobile is decidedly the most wonderful achievement of the twentieth century in transportation. Shaped like a wedge in front, it literally cleaves a passage through the unwilling atmosphere. The machinery, at the same time, is remarkably compact and well concealed. Certainly in this year of our Lord 1950 we have no road vehicle that approaches this type of "auto" as a speed-making machine, and even the fastest locomotive cannot outrun it within a moderate limit of distance.

Looking through the bull's-eye of heavy glass in front of our carriage, we can see for a considerable distance along the road, which is brilliantly white in the electric light. Suddenly a black speck appears far ahead, and, growing at an astonishing rate, assumes within half a dozen seconds the proportions of another automobile resembling our own coming from the opposite direction. It rushes by with a velocity that is appalling. This incident is repeated a number of times on our way to Davenport, where we arrive twenty minutes ahead of the "Limited" from Chicago. We have gained our object, and it is with a decidedly pleasurable feeling that we climb aboard and find our "traps" safely bestowed on the seats where we left them.

The rest of our journey to San Francisco is uneventful, and we reach that city only five minutes later than schedule time—that is to say, 2:05 A. M., Friday. The connection we have to make is not a very close one, inasmuch as our steamer does not leave until noon. On this occasion, however, we take no chances of being left behind, and go aboard in good season. The weather being perfect, our voyage begins auspiciously.

ON BOARD THE HYDROGEN LINER

In 1900 a steamship that could travel at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour was called an "ocean greyhound." The speed, it must be acknowledged, was not so bad, even from our present point of view; but the ocean greyhound of those days was exclusively an Atlantic vehicle, plying between New York and European ports, no very fast passenger vessels traversing the vast watery wastes of the Pacific. To go from San Francisco to Yokohama was then a voyage of twenty days, whereas nowadays we think nothing of covering the distance in seven days, averaging nearly thirty-five miles an hour for the entire trip.

As our ship steams out of the Golden Gate it will be interesting to discuss one or two of the points in which she surpasses so markedly the huge passenger vessels of fifty years ago. About 1900 this type of craft attained its greatest dimensions, and it was declared by marine architects of that day that, practically speaking, the only limit of size was set by the depth of water in the harbors which such steamers were obliged to enter. However, the real reason for making the ships so large was that they might be able to carry immense quantities of coal. Tonnage, length and beam soon diminished when satisfactory processes had been invented for separating hydrogen from water and utilizing it as fuel.

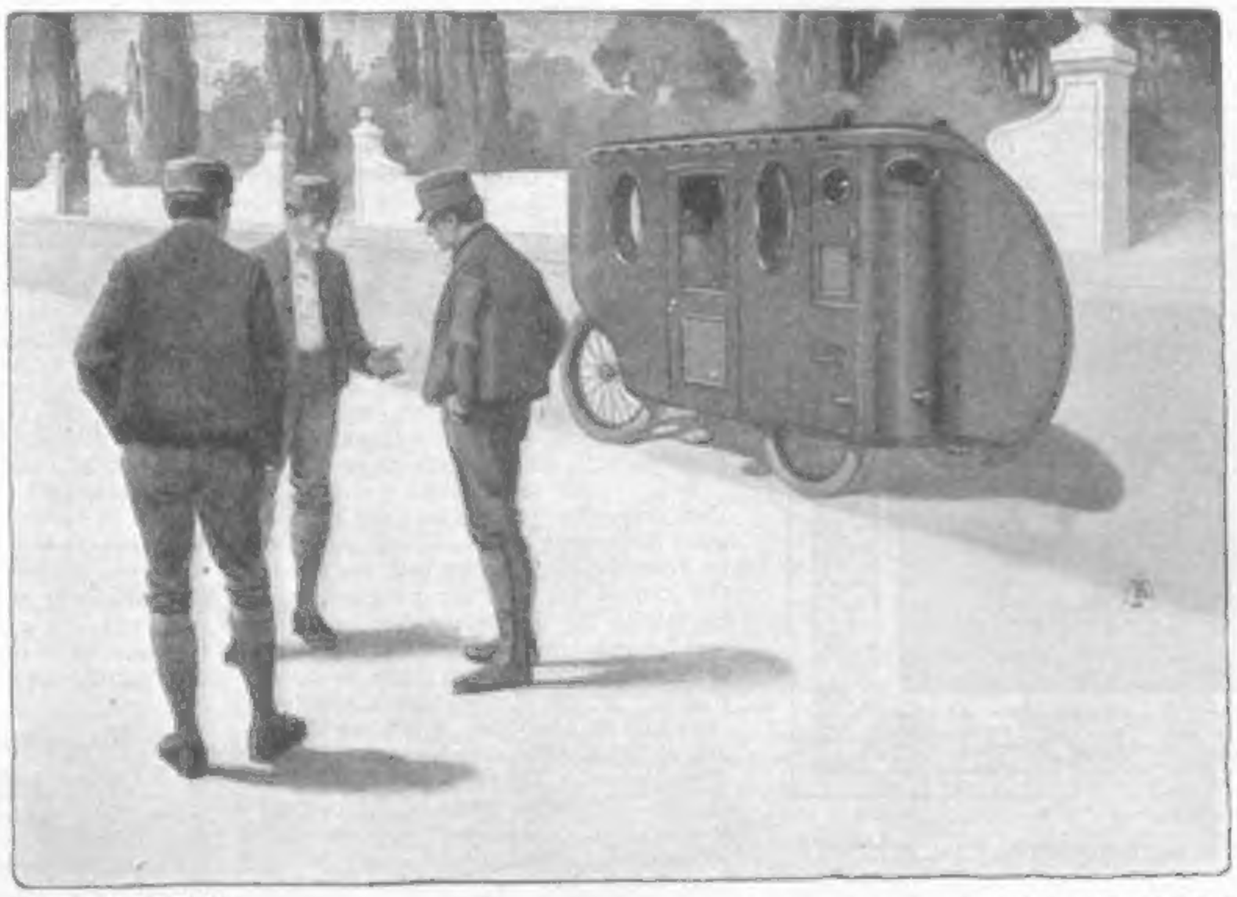
So far back as the end of the nineteenth century a method had been devised, and applied to some extent successfully, for running steam vessels by burning hydrogen which was obtained from water by throwing together a spray of oil and a spray of steam, the result being that the water was decomposed and the hydrogen liberated. The same principle is used on board this very ship in the manufacture of the water gas which, by its combustion, causes the screws to revolve; but we understand nowadays how to get the hydrogen much more cheaply and economically. It is a wonderful thing to consider that, utilizing sea-water for this purpose as we do, we are actually taking up out of the ocean the very energy by which we are propelled over it.

Thus far our journey around the world goes very pleasantly, and we have had no unexpected delays. A voyage of 5534 miles, via Honolulu, where we stop six hours to take on freight, brings us to Yokohama at 2 P. M. on the sixteenth day of September, and six hours later we start by steamer to Shanghai—a thirty-two-hour trip. At Shanghai, which we reach at 4 A. M., we miss the train we had hoped to catch for Tientsin and the North, and, inasmuch as there is not another fast express until three o'clock in the afternoon, we have some time to spend in seeing the sights.

How amazing it is to realize the fact that in 1900 there were only three hundred and fifty miles of railways in all China! When the Empire was partitioned among the Powers there came a mighty boom in transportation enterprises, and to-day the whole country is fairly gridironed with steel roads. Only a dozen years ago we would have been obliged to pursue our trip by way of Vladivostok, the Pacific terminal of the trans-Siberian railroad, but now, reaching Peking from Shanghai via Tientsin, we can travel thence northward over the Manchurian Central direct to Nertchinsk, striking the great Russian trunk-line at that point and saving an immense distance. This, indeed, is exactly the course we pursue, the journey from Shanghai to Nertchinsk being about sixteen hundred miles by rail. We make it in twenty-seven hours, which is fairly good time, and two hours after our arrival we find ourselves starting westward across the Siberian plains.

ACROSS CHINA AND SIBERIA TO ST. PETERSBURG

To my notion, this is the most interesting part of our globe-girdling tour. What a country Siberia is, to be sure! With twice the area of the United States, it had only 5,000,000 inhabitants in 1900, nearly all of whom were concentrated in a few southern towns, such as Nertchinsk, Tomsk, Omsk and Cheliabinsk. To-day it is said to possess a population of 50,000,000, and its fertile provinces, to a great extent unexplored half a century ago, are covered with fields of wheat and rye. It is the railway that has been chiefly instrumental in accomplishing this metamorphosis, helped by the introduction of steam navigation on the river systems intersected by the road. I notice at the stations, as we pass them, groups of gigantic elevators for the storage of grain awaiting transportation.



DRAWN BY G. MARTIN JUSTICE

THE MAN IN CHARGE OF THE VEHICLE DEMANDS AN EXORBITANT PRICE

THE COLOSSAL BRIDGES OVER ASIATIC RIVERS

The Siberian railway is itself a marvel. It crosses three of the greatest rivers in the world—the Amur, the Yenisei and the Obi, each of which is comparable in size with the Mississippi, and greater than Europe's biggest river, the Volga. But the most troublesome engineering task involved in the construction of the road was that of getting around the south end of Lake Baikal. That mighty sheet of water, 350 miles long, comparatively narrow, and very deep, lies in the midst of a high plateau, surrounded by mountains through which the trains have to pass. A fellow-passenger informs me, by the way, that the Yenisei Bridge is considered one of the most superb structures of its kind in existence; it is 2800 feet long and 420 feet wide! Of course, it does not cross the river at the broadest part of the stream; nor does the line of the road require it.

Trains on Asiatic roads are rather slow, as a rule, even the fastest expresses not averaging more than fifty-five miles an hour, including stops. Early in the morning following our departure from Nertchinsk we find ourselves going through the wonderful system of tunnels which extends through the mountain ranges at the lower end of Lake Baikal, and by 9 A. M. we have reached Irkutsk. The next important city we come to is Krasnoyarsk, then Tomsk, then Omsk, and then Cheliabinsk. These great towns are from 500 to 800 miles apart. From Cheliabinsk we journey on to Moscow and St. Petersburg, the whole distance traversed from Nertchinsk to the Russian capital being about 4400 miles by rail.

It takes us three days and twenty hours to accomplish this portion of our trip, the train having been delayed at Cheliabinsk, in the Urals, by a trifling accident. We reach St. Petersburg at four o'clock in the afternoon of September 22—just fifteen days and six hours after our departure from New York.

The best train for us to take, we are informed, leaves St. Petersburg at 10 P. M., and meanwhile we have a few hours to amuse ourselves. These we consume in wandering about the streets, staring at the people, and taking note incidentally of two or three types of automobiles which we have never seen before. Of vehicles of this description there is the same crush as one would observe in New York—auto-carriages of all patterns, from victoria to coupé, auto-cabs, auto-omnibuses of two stories crowded with passengers, auto-trucks, and auto-shop-wagons. Just as is the case at home, only the humblest vehicles and those of the rich employ horses for motive power—the former because the low-grade animal is cheaper than machinery, and the latter through their owners' love for the nobler quadruped. I understand that in Europe auto-carriages are no longer used by people of the best middle-of-the-century fashion. The auto-bicycles and auto-tricycles, on the other hand, are as popular as ever; one sees them everywhere.

A HALF HOUR'S JOURNEY UNDER THE ENGLISH CHANNEL

Thank goodness! we have again arrived in a part of the world where transportation by rail is rapid. The train we travel on, too, is exactly like an American train, the old-fashioned European coaches, with their stuffy compartments, having gone out long ago. Leaving St. Petersburg at ten o'clock, we reach Berlin at nine in the morning, and by two o'clock in the afternoon we are in Brussels. An hour and a half more and we have arrived at Calais, and a few minutes later we are crossing the English Channel. What an odd sensation it gives one to think that one is actually traveling under so great a body of water! I understand that some old-fashioned people even at this day are afraid to venture through the tunnel for fear lest the water of the sea will break through and drown them. It is certainly the greatest engineering work ever accomplished, this tunnel beneath the English Channel, and I confess that we have nothing in America to approach it. Of course, the whole of its length is cut through solid rock.

The trip across the Channel takes us only thirty minutes. How different from the old days, when people went to and fro by steamer, most of them suffering the tortures of purgatory with seasickness! Our locomotive is smokeless, of course, being electric, and oxygen carried along in tanks keeps wholesome the air, which would otherwise become vitiated and unhealthful for breathing. The expedient is equally simple and effective.

At Dover we change cars for Southampton, and on reaching the latter port we lose no time in boarding the magnificent liner Niagara, which is to sail next morning for New York. She is the fastest of the trans-Atlantic steamships, holding a record of three days and fourteen hours for the passage. Her maximum speed is about forty-one miles an hour.

It is the opinion of the best informed marine architects of the day that the Niagara's speed is about as great as is practicable for a passenger steamship. To withstand the pressure of the water, which at forty miles an hour is something tremendous, she is built with a huge bow, carrying most of her weight and strength forward, while her freeboard aft is rather low. She bears in every line of her hull the marks of a marine racer, and her long and wedge-shaped nose is made to cut through the waves, opposing at the same time as little resistance as possible to the wind.

One unquestionable advantage, though a minor one, of the high speed attained by modern steamships, is that it lessens the roll and pitch of the vessel materially. Passengers crossing the ocean do not suffer so much from seasickness as they did at the beginning of the twentieth century.

THE FLYING MACHINE STILL UNPERFECTED

In 1900 it was widely believed that electricity would supplant steam on ocean passenger ships, but we know now that such a notion was an absurdity. Electricity as a motive power for a vessel implies storage batteries, and the weight of such apparatus makes it out of the question for purposes of the kind. It is difficult, from our present point of view, to realize that any means for the propulsion of ships could possibly be more efficient or more economical than the "water gas" and turbine engines now in common use.

Fifty years ago it was popularly imagined that transportation problems sooner or later would be wholly altered by the invention of dirigible aerial machines, and yet to-day, in 1950, the puzzle of human flight is apparently no nearer to a practical solution than it was then. We have produced flying toys of considerable size and of various patterns, but the dream of the airship to carry men through the atmosphere as vessels sail over the water—an aerostat navigable at will and safe—bears no promise of realization.

We reach New York early in the afternoon of September 28, having had an unusually long and very stormy passage for that season of the year. However, we have won our wager, having made the circuit of the globe in three hours more than twenty-one days—this, too, notwithstanding the fact that we lost twenty-four hours by traveling from east to west. There is no doubt about it; this is a wonderful century.

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES" That are Making HISTORY

The Great Growth of Our Congress

One of the best Congresses in the history of the United States was the first. It met in New York on the sixth of April, 1789. The first and second sessions were held in that city, and the third session was in Philadelphia. In the two years of its existence this Congress gave the United States a standing in the world. It funded the public debt, provided the necessary revenue, and established a Government on strong and safe lines. Its first action was to count the electoral votes, all of which (69) were cast for George Washington, of Virginia. Eleven States were represented, and during the life of the body North Carolina and Rhode Island came in and Vermont was admitted, being the fourteenth of the States. In those days the President's Cabinet consisted only of Secretary of State, Secretary of the Treasury, Secretary of War and Attorney-General. There was a Postmaster-General, but he did not become a member of the Cabinet until 1829.

The membership of the Congress was but a handful in comparison with the great body of to-day, and yet the basis of representation in the early years was a representative for every 30,000 of population. It has been gradually increased until the ratio for the ten years from 1893 to 1903, based on the census of 1890, is for a representative to every 173,901 of population. In spite of the increase of ratio, the membership has grown enormously until it is now 90 Senators and 357 Representatives. At the same time the Cabinet has increased from four to eight, and there are schemes on foot to add a Secretary for the Colonies and a Secretary of Commerce and Manufactures. It remains to be seen, however, whether or not these additions will be made. The standing of the United States Congress in the estimation of the world is probably the highest of any legislative body. However much we may be dissatisfied with some of its proceedings, and however sharply we may criticise its sins of commission and omission, the fact remains that it does more useful legislative work than any other organization in existence.

PHOTO BY C. M. BELL, WASHINGTON

HON. D. M. HENDERSON, OF IOWA

Congress Since the Civil War

Since the war there have been seventeen Congresses. In nine of these the Republicans have controlled the House of Representatives, and in eight of them the Democrats have been in the majority. The see-saw between the two parties is an interesting exhibit of the uncertainty of politics. In thirteen of these Congresses the Republicans controlled the Senate, and in four of them only were the Democrats in power. It has happened rarely that the same party had control of the House of Representatives and the Senate at the same time, and the Fifty-sixth Congress, which meets in December, is interesting in the fact that the Republicans will have a working majority in both bodies. In the Senate of the last Congress the party lines were so close that the Republicans and the Democrats had a working agreement by which the honors and offices were divided, the Republicans getting the better of it because of their slight superiority in numbers. In the new Senate all this will be changed because the Republicans will have a clear working majority of fifteen or sixteen out of the eighty-six members, there being four vacancies because of the failures of Legislatures to elect. This will give the Republicans complete authority in the upper branch. In the new House of Representatives the Republicans will have a plurality over the Democrats of twenty-four, and will have a majority over all the Democrats, the seven Populists and two Silverites of fifteen. This is not quite one-half of what they had in the Fifty-fifth Congress, but it is enough for all purposes of party advantage and legislation. The exact figures of the new House are: Republicans 186, Democrats 162, Populists 7, Silverites 2—total 357. In the recent November elections four vacancies were filled, but there was no change in the politics from November of 1898. The most interesting of these four probably was that in the First Maine District, where Amos L. Allen succeeds Thomas B. Reed, who resigned, and whose private secretary Mr. Allen was for many years.

It is possible radical differences as to the conduct of the war and the policy to be pursued in the Philippines may detach enough of the Republicans to work interesting results in the proceedings. But on the face of it the Republicans now have the executive branch of the National Government, clear majorities in both of the legislative bodies, and nearly all the administrative offices. Not for years has the country been so completely under one party as it is to-day.

Looking Forward to the Presidential Campaign

In the first Congress there were weighty problems that had to be solved in order that the Government might be started safely upon its destiny. In some other Congresses since then strong necessities have brought the body down to deliberate action, and the consequences have been records which are important chapters in American history. But in these modern days it has been a rule, when a Congress precedes a Presidential campaign, and especially when the politics are those of the Administration, that the work shall be as innocuous as possible. Next year a President of the nation will be chosen, and it is freely predicted that the Republican Congress, under the direction of the Republican leaders, will keep Congress as near nothing as it is possible with a great legislative body.

But, at the same time, some of the Congresses from which we have expected least have done the most, and there may be great developments which are beyond the ken of the average prognosticator. Certainly the questions are important and far-reaching in results. The House of Representatives will have to decide whether or not it will admit a polygamist into its councils. Utah has elected Mr. Roberts, who confesses that he has three wives. There is a great fight against him in all parts of the country, and his will consequently be one of the sensational and historic cases of the body which has had frequent troubles.

This new Congress will have to deal with the great questions coming out of the war with Spain. It will have to do something to develop the Colonial policy; something to inaugurate a fiscal and economic program, and devise means for the improvement of the new peoples which have come within our responsibilities, for it is admitted that we must make these people better, and surround them with higher and more enlightened practices and conditions. This refers not only to the islands nearer home, but to Hawaii, Guam and the Philippines. On the latter there will be, of course, a hot and interesting fight. The Democrats are preparing to attack the Republican position all along the line, and the Republicans will do what they can to hold their own.

Among other things is the Nicaragua Canal, over which there will be the usual difference of opinion, and the usual conflict of reports leading possibly to unconclusive action. Of course, the bill to reform the currency will occupy an important place, but from this nothing substantial may be expected, mainly because while there are many schemes there is really nobody in Congress who knows exactly how to reform the currency. And thus in the next Presidential campaign we shall have another dose of ratios and values, and the average citizen will probably understand it almost as well as he did in the contest of 1896.

One of the Troublesome Issues

The domestic questions will probably give more trouble than those relating to foreign affairs, because nothing cuts deeper than a home problem in a political contest. The Trust issue has gained so much headway, and the feeling upon it has become so general, that it cannot be ignored either by a party or by men of public life. So we may expect all sorts of bills against Trusts in both the Senate and House of Representatives, and the politicians who are always looking for an opportunity will have a lively and interesting competition in their measures and remedies. It is quite possible that the Trust question may take up a large part of the time of the session. The public will probably watch with indifference, especially in view of the fact that in the opinion of the Attorney-General the one remedy for the evil is in State legislation. Many of our best men assert that a Congressional law will amount to nothing.

A Long Time Getting Down to Work

There is one thing about the American Congress which is open to objection. In other countries the legislative bodies are supposed to be promptly responsive to public opinion. For instance, if in Parliament the Government in power fails to get the support of the majority on a leading question, an appeal is taken to the people, who elect a new body, which proceeds at once to carry out their wishes. In this country we elected our new Congressmen in November, 1898, on the issues of that year. Technically, they have been members of the national legislature since the fourth of March, 1899, but practically they do not take their seats until the first Monday in December, and it will be anywhere from four to six weeks before they get into the real business of legislation. Thus a new Congress, by our somewhat extraordinary scheme, is from fourteen to sixteen months away from the work for which it was immediately chosen.

The explanation for this is easy, but not altogther conclusive. In the olden times it took a Congressman from the far-away points a good part of a year to find out that he was elected and to reach the Capital. In these days, of course, the annihilation of distance has changed that circumstance, and there seems to be a general feeling that it would be better for the new Congress to meet sooner than it does after it is elected. On the other hand, there are those who claim that the distance of time is valuable, because the Congressmen can recover from the passions and prejudices of the partisan campaign and thus be enabled to enter upon their new duties in better frames of mind. The humorous part of the situation is that often a Congressman elected on a party wave one year will be going to work in December just after the whirligig of politics and the November elections have achieved victories for the other party. As a part of our representative Government it is a curious medley from whatever standpoint you choose to regard it.

New Presiding Officers in Both Branches

There will be some very regrettable changes in both branches of Congress. Honorable Thomas B. Reed's withdrawal from public life has been declared both by friend and foe most unfortunate for the whole nation. He was probably the greatest Speaker that ever presided over a parliamentary body. In addition to being absolutely fair and perfectly honest and strictly impartial, he had the courage of conviction that not only wrought a revolution in parliamentary procedure, but actually saved millions of dollars to the country.

His is an interesting case of a brilliant man who cannot afford to remain in public life because its rewards are not sufficient. He will doubtless make in a year of law practice in New York as much as he would receive in ten years of official life, but what is his gain in this respect is surely a public loss. In his place will be Representative Henderson, of Iowa, who is a very different character from the man from Maine. A good Congressman, an eloquent speaker, and a popular member, he doubtless will not attempt the iron policy of his predecessor, but may strive to make the rules more elastic for his colleagues. The country will watch with much interest the development of the new man and his policy, but at best there is small likelihood that he will get far away from the precedents established by Mr. Reed, who rescued the House of Representatives from chaos and did more than any other man to make it a business body.

PHOTO BY C. M. BELL, WASHINGTON

SENATOR WILLIAM P. FRYE, OF MAINE

The sad case of Vice-President Hobart will probably leave the responsibility of the Senate upon the shoulders of Senator William P. Frye, of Maine, who was President *pro tempore* of the last Senate. He is a very capable man. For nearly thirty years he has represented his people in Washington, for ten years as a member of the House of Representatives, and for nearly twenty years as a United States Senator. He is one of the most experienced and skillful parliamentarians that Congress has ever known. In addition to all that, he is a graceful leader, and a man equal to situations. The Senate of each Congress elects its President *pro tempore*, or, in case of the death or resignation of the Vice-President, its President.

MEN & WOMEN of the HOUR

How Doctor Wilson Saved His Valuables

The Philadelphia Commercial Museum and the National Export Exposition had their beginning in the collections gathered for Philadelphia at the World's Fair in Chicago by Dr. William P. Wilson, now Director of the Museum. The work of packing the valuable material kept Doctor Wilson at work nearly all through the winter. His labors were almost at an end when a fire broke out endangering his most precious goods.

Doctor Wilson called one of his assistants [illegible] out and get all the wagons you can, and get them quickly," he said.

The assistant lost no time in making his way to the nearest gate. But in a few minutes he came back despondent. "It's no use," he said; "we can't get a wagon! They're afraid thieves may plunder exhibits, and the guards will let no one enter the grounds. What can we do?"

"Do!" exclaimed Doctor Wilson, "why, get those wagons here! We must and will have them. Go back and hire them. Then form them in a line outside the gate, and at the head of the line put the biggest driver and the best team of the lot. Then, when you give the word, let them drive in [illegible] or no guards, and every man jack of them close after him. Now hurry!"

Within ten minutes the column was formed, and, led by a lawny Irishman, it swept past the astonished guards like a battery going into action, stopping only when the Agricultural Building was reached. The goods that Doctor Wilson was anxious to save were among the thirty carloads of exhibits shipped to Philadelphia a few weeks later, and some of them may be seen at the Commercial Museum to-day.

Teaching English to a Whole Shipload

Dr. Frederick A. Cook, who returned this year from a two years' exploring voyage in the Antarctic region, where he and his comrades spent an almost never-ending winter, is not unknown to fame. He was surgeon on board the Peary expedition of 1891, and he has made several subsequent trips to the North. It had long been the Doctor's desire to visit the South, and he had tried several times to interest scientists in an expedition, but without success. When the Belgian Government expedition, which he accompanied, was fitting out in 1897, it was cabled to this country that the doctor chosen to accompany it had declined the honor at the last moment, whereupon Doctor Cook sent the following cable dispatch:

DR. FREDERICK A. COOK

"Want to join your expedition as surgeon.
COOK, Surgeon Peary Expedition, 1891."

The next day he received this reply:

"Meet us, Rio Janeiro, October——"

The crew of the vessel consisted of many nationalities, and the only language understood in the forecastle by every one was English. In the cabin the same diversity of tongues existed, but French was the common language there. All of the officers, except Doctor Cook, spoke it fluently. Now, the Doctor is not an expert linguist, and the trip was expected to last at least two years. To have a doctor on board who could only be addressed in the sign language was a serious handicap, if not a disaster. Therefore the foreign officers, all of whom spoke two or more languages, thoughtfully took up the study of English under the Doctor's tutelage, and in less than three months English was the common language of the whole ship.

Mr. Cleveland's Cause for Thankfulness

If ex-President Grover Cleveland regrets leaving the White House, he manages to conceal his emotions from his nearest friends. In his roomy, old-fashioned home in Princeton he is taking the first real comfort he has known since he entered public life. The house is arranged solely for comfort. All the chairs are made to sit on, most of them have arms, and the sofas invite repose. The library is more of a lounging than a working room, and on a couch in one corner rests a big pillow, the cover of which is made of the silk ribbons that hold together bundles of imported cigars.

"Suggestive of a good many smokes?" remarked a friend.

"Yes," said Mr. Cleveland, "good, long smokes, too."

At the close of the consultation the talk turned upon the war in the East, and the visitor, in leaving, observed politely, "In the present state of affairs I'd rather be interviewing you in the White House than here in Princeton."

"No, indeed," returned the ex-President emphatically; "in the present state of affairs I'd a little bit rather be in Princeton than in the White House."

Art by the Square Inch

Miss Carol Aus, the painter of miniatures, is as well known in the West as in New York. She lived for a number of years in Chicago, where her annual exhibitions were events. On one of these occasions a visitor stopped in front of one of the most carefully finished miniatures and asked inquiringly, "How much are these worth?"

"Three hundred dollars."

"For one?"

"That's not much for a miniature."

"No," replied the visitor shamefacedly. "Why, of course not. I didn't look surprised, did I?"

At another time a visitor asked:

"How much did you say a miniature costs?"

"From two to five hundred dollars."

"Let me see. There are about five square inches in this little picture. That is about $100 an inch. I suppose you'd charge about $7500 for [illegible]ized picture, wouldn't you?"

"[illegible]" replied Miss Aus; "I don't paint big pictures, but if I did it wouldn't cost you any more than one of my miniatures. The work wouldn't be any harder—possibly not so hard."

"Oh, I see. It's the ivory that makes it so expensive. Now, how much would you charge to paint a picture of me on porcelain?"

PHOTO BY STEPHENS, CHICAGO

MISS CAROL AUS

Arthur Leslie's Lifting Powers

One would naturally suppose that newspaper men are hard to deceive. Their training ought to put them on guard against most wiles that hoodwink the ordinary man. But Arthur Leslie, the New York syndicate manager, knows to the contrary. Some time ago, while he was out West placing orders for his service, he met the editor of a Sunday paper who was obdurate against his [illegible].

He particularly wanted to sell a special article on airships for which he predicted great popularity. After a long and fruitless business talk the conversation turned upon the occult. The editor was a firm believer in Mahatmas, adepts, chelas, and other creepy things, and the syndicate man was up in such matters, too.

"Have you ever seen men lifted into the air by a child by supernatural force?"

"Sure," replied Mr. Leslie.

"No trick?"

"Of course not; why, I can do it."

"You?"

"Yes, I can lift you as easily as if you were made of feathers."

The editor weighed two hundred pounds and Mr. Leslie one hundred and forty, so the claim seemed almost preposterous.

"Stand up and see if I can."

The editor stood up, and, according to directions, turned his back to the syndicate man crooking his elbows stiffly at his side. Mr. Leslie stepped behind him. Then, grasping him sharply by the elbows to distract his attention from anything else, he raised him about three feet in the air by the use of one of his [illegible]y bicycle legs.

"How much did you say that airship story was?" he asked irrelevantly, but sincerely, when he recovered his breath. "Twenty-five dollars? All right, I'll take it; and by the way, Mr. Leslie, you might leave the rest of the service with me and I'll try it for a month or two."

Mr. Mack's Big News "Beat"

The report that Frank W. Mack, Eastern Superintendent of the Associated Press, had accepted the news editorship of a New York paper, has been authoritatively denied. This rumor brings to mind one of the most signal achievements in newspaper reporting of recent years, in which Mr. Mack "beat" the combined correspondents of all the newspapers in the country. When General Grant was dying at Mount McGregor almost every journal of note had its correspondent on the spot. It was the custom of the doctors to issue hourly bulletins, and a signal had been agreed upon to indicate the General's death the exact moment that the event took place.

Mr. Mack, who represented the Associated Press as a reporter, had arranged, however, with one of the physicians that in case of the General's death the doctor should step out on the veranda in view of the correspondents' quarters and carelessly thrust his right hand through his hair. This meant that the General was dead. No one was in this secret except the doctor and Mr. Mack. On the day that the death occurred all the reporters were gathered in the front of the house. It was generally known that the end was near at hand. While the tension was most rigid, Mr. Mack's doctor stepped out on the veranda, as if seeking fresh air, ran his fingers through his hair, and immediately retired to the death-chamber.

Mack ran to the telegraph office and sent the message:

"Grant is dead."

In less than a minute's time the world knew the news. Newspapers in distant cities appeared on the street in extras, and the waiting correspondents at Mount McGregor were flooded with telegrams of inquiry from their offices. Meantime Mack had reported the other correspondents and was waiting in terror for some confirmatory news of his dispatch. Ten minutes later the death-signal was displayed.

TOLD MORE BRIEFLY

A Klondike Improvement.—At a diplomatic dinner in London early this season where Ambassador Choate was a guest, the conversation turned to Alaska and the Klondike. A high State official, speaking of the Canadian demand for a port of entry, inquired: "I wonder if they will make it hot for you up there?" "I wish they would," gravely responded Mr. Choate; "it is just what the territory wants."

A Comprehensive Toast.—A short time ago the Italian colony in New York gave a banquet to Marconi, the famous inventor. The formal toasts were given and answered with customary eloquence.

It was pointed out that Marconi had made one of the great inventions of the century, and had won everlasting fame. Then the Chairman said, [illegible] did our distinguished compatriot obtain the education and the advantages which enabled him to accomplish the feats which have made him immortal. Fellow-countrymen, I have the honor to propose as your toast, 'Here's to the Mother of the Father of Wireless Telegraphy.'"

PHOTO BY HALL, NEW YORK

ARTHUR LESLIE

Ireland's New Capital.—The Lord Mayor of Dublin, Daniel Tallon, is a pleasant speaker both at a banquet and on the rostrum. At Boston, where he was hospitably entertained by Mayor Quincy, some one asked, "Dublin is the metropolis as well as the capital of Old Erin?"

"It used to be, but at present New York has that honor

With COMPOUND Interest

By Ian Maclaren

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"YES, SIR," said my friend Zachariah P. Diggs, "I have had a 'down' on five men, for value received, and I have settled with four and taken a receipt. None of them hankered to do business with me again, and two of them retired into private life. The fifth account is still open, and there has been some delay in balancing it, but it is going to be settled, you bet, with full interest

"It's thirty years last fall since he played it very low down on my mother, and made her cry in her own house; he scooted immediately, and hid his tracks. Being only a boy then, I couldn't face up to him, and afterward I'd other things to think of; but I took a good look at him, and I put a notch in my memory. I am on his trail all the time, and some day I'll come up with him, you may lay your bottom dollar on that

"I was thirteen, and he may have been twenty, and I reckon we've both developed some, but there are two things that don't change—the eye and the voice. I saw how he looked that day, and I heard what he said, and I could pick him out from a million

"He is just the man to swear that it was another fellow, and that he never did such a thing, he's that kind of cuss, but he'll not escape, and don't you think so. No; he'll have to climb down some day soon and take it sitting. Golly!" And Zachariah P. Diggs lost the very power of speech as he imagined the recompense lying in wait for this guilty man.

"No, I don't mind telling you what the varmint did, for it sorter keeps the fire burning; though, for that matter when you open a gas well in a man's memory you don't need to be using bellows; it goes without blast, and don't run out.

"We had gone West, and were settled on the Indian border. Yes, sir; I used to see the redskins coming and going to the nearest store, trading skins for whiskey, and it wasn't a pretty sight. They never did us any harm, but five years afterward they scalped every man, woman and child in the district. Injins are worse than yellow dogs. I never seen but one good Injun, and he was dead

"When I saw that clearing of ours last year, five blocks of offices stood on it, besides a court-house The city round it grow'd so fast that they require to take a new census every week to keep up with the population; and it's so enterprising that an Alderman can get enough boodle from a trolley-car contract in five years to retire from commercial business and go into Congress That clearing would have been a gold-mine neat, without sluicing, if we had hung on to it, but we let it go for a hundred dollars after father died. Property don't boom when the children of the forest are hovering round, not much!

"Father was not a born hustler, else he hadn't ended in a Western clearing, but he had plenty of sand in him, and did his turn like an able bodied man. He was brought up on the Old Testament without mixture, and there was one text he fairly froze to: 'Spare the rod and spoil the child.' He didn't, you bet! and it may be a sort of weakness in human nature, but we drew to mother.

"Mothers," and Zachariah began to moralize, "are just the biggest invention ever seen on the face of the earth, or ever will be, till the whole business is wound up. When the Almighty made the first mother, He rested and felt good, for He knew that He could never pass that. And He never has

"I've known a pretty considerable assortment of toughs in my time, and some of them on the Mississippi were daisies, who went always heeled, and shot on sight, but I never knew one that hadn't a soft place in his heart for his mother, and I saw a hole drilled in a man once cos he spoke nasty when a fellow was telling about the days when he was a kid with his mother. And I've seen two or three first rate mothers myself, but none in the same grade with my own. She had the biggest fight ever a woman had, and she never grumbled, not once. She just smiled straight through, and she prayed. My gracious! she knew how to bake, and she knew how to pray. Asked for what she wanted just confidential-like, and got it without mistake. She saved us from starving, and prayed in a complete meal with fixings, as sure as my name is Zach Diggs. But that don't let off the fellow that made her cry. He's got to pay his own debt, and he's going to

"Father had been dead a month, and the snow was deep upon the ground. There never was very much in the house, and the last of it was eaten up by the children. The bill of fare for two days had been water and a chunk of bread, and if we had plenty chunks we shouldn't have asked for oysters and ice cream, for we had uncommon good appetites, and could have eaten an Injun's moccasins if we could have got hold of them. There was no Injin nor any other body came near us, and the kids began to cry—they're apt to lose heart and weaken, kids are, when they've nothing to eat and very little fire to keep them warm, for our woodpile was nearly empty

"The sight of mother's face broke me up, and I went out into the wood, but I heard mother pray as I stood outside the door. My mind don't seem to turn much to sermons, but it's kept that prayer safe since that day

"'O God! Thou art our Father in Heaven, and I am a poor mother in the backwoods. Thou didst take away my husband and the father of this family, and we have no one to protect and help us. It is winter time, and we are cold and starving, and the neighbors are far away. We have no friends but Thee, and we ask Thee to send us food this very day, for Thy love's sake and for the children's sake Amen'

"Never heard a parson speak to God like that in a church, and if I did, you bet I'd be there; but I didn't reckon mother would get an answer that time. The next house was two miles off, and I calculate they had enough to do with themselves. It wasn't likely that there would be many people fooling round the woods that afternoon, for they weren't just what you would call a pleasure park.

"I felt twenty years old in my mind, for being a widow's eldest son puts on a few years, but in my body I was just thirteen; and though a frontier lad counts some more for his age than a lad in the settlements, he can't start a victual store just where he pleases, or order a dinner for his mother and family. I wandered through the wood pretty low down not that I cared a continental about myself, though I guess I could have taken a pumpkin pie without pressing. It was the mother and the kids that got me, and I don't mind saying that I fetched up against the tree and began to cry.

"'What's wrang wi' ye, ma wee mannie?' and I turned round pretty sleek, for I reckoned I was the only human in those woods that day. But no man can calculate and bring out the figures right unless he takes in a Scotsman. No, sir; I've never yet been in the place, and I've never heard of it, and I don't believe it exists, where you won't find a Scotsman; they say there ain't many of them altogether, but they're better spread and they're farther forward than any other nation. They've marked out more claims in this world than the Jews themselves, and I'll take my affidavit that they'll make a fair start in the world to come.

"This Scot had come out from the settlements six months before, and reckoned he'd start a school, for there's nothing a Scot can't do, from lumbering to Latin; but Stockton didn't encourage a high-class academy. A Scot is never content to be in the procession—he must always travel in the band wagon; but Mr. MacPhun was too previous by ten years, and the Injins were not patrons of learning.

"He was great, was Angus MacPhun, and knew what was due to his profession. He got a log shanty that belonged to Injin Bill, who had the worst of an argument with a dozen redskins and didn't seem to take any more interest in Stockton. MacPhun cleared out the shanty and made it into a schoolhouse, and he put up a board with this notice

STOCKTON ACADEMY
ANGUS MACPHUN, M. A., Rector.
Junior Department.—English, Writing, Arithmetic and Geography.
Senior Department.—Latin, Greek, Mathematics and Drawing.
Special Arrangements for Music and Horticulture
Terms on application to the Head Master.
The Academy opens on Oct. 1

"There was nothing mean about Angus MacPhun; he had nothing to do with a second-rate show. 'Junior and Senior Departments. Music and Horticulture.' Golly! he took the cake, did Angus.

"Angus warn't over oppressed with pupils that winter. I heard tell he once had three—juniors, I reckon; but most days he had none. On that afternoon he was busy in the woods—with horticulture, I guess; so he found my trail and lighted on me when this child was dead beat.

"What I said to him I don't just remember, but I guess mother was in it, and kids, and some foolery about having no breakfast. Fact is, you don't need to orate to a Scot, for he sizes you up without speaking. A Scot ain't given to spreading himself—he prefers doing something. There's less gas," summed up Mr. Diggs, "and more go in a Scot than in three Americans.

"'Come awa wi' me this verra meenut,' said Angus, and he headed off for the village. A man had come from the East and started a store, and when we got to the door the darned place was closed, but Angus tracked the man to where he was lodging and roused him out of bed

"'Isn't it michty to see ye sleepin' and snorin' in the middle o' the day when customers are lechtin' to get into yir store Div ye no ken that for a public store to be locked at this hour is contrary to the law o' every civilized nation? I hav'na the book by me, but I'm thinkin' there'll be something aboot this in the Constitution o' the United States. Man, I wud na say but that yir conduct micht be a misdemeanor.'

"If an American had played it like that on Ike Stokes, Ike would have been apt to tell him where to go to; but he just rose and followed that Scot like a lamb

"'Twenty pund o' flour,' said Angus, 'to begin wi'. Five pund o' bacon.' Don't ye think," said Zachariah, "that I forget that order. I see that white flour coming out of the sack just plain to day. 'Six pund o' coffee,' went on Angus, 'and six pund o' sugar, and three pund o' cheese, and let's see yir butter.' There was nothing ordinary in Angus MacPhun, Head Master of Stockton Academy. We were just leaving when Angus stopped. 'Lord sake!' he said, 'if I didna near forget one jar o' molasses, and some candy for the bairns!' That's what he said, and if you hear any man say that a Scot has no heart, then you chip in and tell him he's a liar, and send the account to Zachariah P Diggs

"He hoisted the bag of flour on his shoulder, and took the bacon in one hand and the butter in the other, and the rest was tied in a bag; that was my share to carry. Will you believe it, I had never said one word in the store; tried to, but didn't seem to get the right word, and felt kinder choky at the throat; but you bet I was thinkink, doing just the biggest bit of thinkink up to date since I d started on life

"Mother gave me all the religion I ever got, and she told us that when God took a notion of helping a man He sent an angel, and that the angels were very beautiful, just like women, and had wings. Wall, I took a good look at Angus MacPhun, and on first sight he didn't seem to correspond with the invoice, for if ever there was a raw-boned Scot it was Angus; but I remembered what mother asked in her prayer, and when I saw Angus collecting the food in Ike's store I was quite satisfied with the angel. Taking him all in all, he was just about the best angel I have come across

"He went first through the woods and I followed; for though I was mighty proud, there wasn't much grit left in me, for I'd had nothing to eat since yesterday's breakfast, and a growing lad of thirteen needs a good deal of coal in his furnaces. It went again' my heart, but I fell behind, and

"I TOOK THE LEEBERTY O' MAKIN' A TRIFLIN SELECTION AND BRINGIN THEM ALONG"

Angus missed me, and back he came. 'My legs are ower lang, and I was thinkin' ower fast, and yir nae sae big as yir goin' to be; this coat is ower heavy for me, and these proveesions are ower heavy for ye; we'll have an exchange.' And as I'm a white man, if that fool didn't take off his coat and wrap it round me, settin' up to be my mother, and then he took the fixin's on his back with the flour, and I'm darned if he didn't whistle 'Scots, wha hae' till the procession came along quickstep to our shanty.

"They were all gathered inside, 'cos kids feel the cold when they've had no breakfast. When we stood at the door, I heard mother say to them, 'Don't cry, we'll all sit together in the corner to keep warm, and I've asked God to send us something to eat.' 'Think He ll do it?' asked Jim. 'God never broke His word, I heard mother saying. 'Laddie,' said Angus, 'ye have a gude mother; see that ye be a gude son.' And I'm not prepared to take my oath in a court of justice that I promised. Didn't seem to mind the word, but I didn't forget; don't you suppose I do.

"'It's terrible cold weather, Mem,' said Angus, for all the world as if he had just kinder dropped in for a call. 'And if it holds on like this, I wudna say but it micht come to a storm.'

"Mother was standing and looking at him while he laid on the empty table the flour, and the bacon, and the coffee, and the butter, and the cheese, and the sugar, and the molasses, and the candy. That's the auctioneer's catalogue, nothing missing, and the value I figure up at twenty-one thousand two hundred and fifty dollars, leaving out cents.

"'It's just came into my mind, Mem, that ye micht have some inconvenience in gettin' yir groceries, and as I happened to have naethin' to do this afternoon, as the Latin and Greek classes werena' meetin', I took the leeberty o' makin' a trifling selection and bringin' them along.'

"Mother was a lady by creation. God made her that way, and I have never yet lighted on a woman that could speak prettier than mother, though she lived in the backwoods, and never had a silk dress till I struck oil for the first time. But mother had not one word to say that day; she just took one look at the kids and another at the table, and she burst into tears.

"It was downright mean, for between mother crying and the things on the table we were so taken up that we forgot Angus, and when mother came to herself again he was gone, and from that day to this I've never caught sight of Angus MacPhun.

"Guess that meal lasted an hour, and we did feel happy in our clothes when it was over. Then the snow came on again, and it was five days before we could go to the village. When mother and I got there we found that we had missed the connection. The Rector of Stockton Academy had resigned his lucrative position and left two days before, and he told nobody where he was going. A Scot don't find it easy to tell anything, just as other men don't find it easy to keep anything.

"Mother went to the store, and found what Angus had paid for the stock-in-trade that he started our shanty with, and she never was happy till she had saved that money and put it in a bag for Angus. 'We'll find him some day,' she said, 'and then we'll give him the bag, but we can never pay the debt.' She had a name for him, and used to call him 'the Good Samaritan.' Got it out of the Bible, you know; and when she was a-dying she said to me, 'Zach, don't forget your mother, and do what's right, and be sure that you find "the Good Samaritan"; give him that bag, and tell him he has got the blessing of the widow and the fatherless.' I've had a lot of jobs to do since that day, but I've always kept an eye for the trail of 'the Good Samaritan.' I've tracked him through the States and back to England, and I've found Angus MacPhun.

"Yes, sir; this child has been on the Mississippi, and that ain't fool's play; and he's fought with grizzlies and with redskins, he's fought through the war, and he's lived with the Mormons, and he wasn't going to be beat by a long-legged Scot. Say, will you come down to-morrow and see me settle accounts with 'the Good Samaritan'? Want a witness, you know, to make it a legal transaction. Might escape again if there was nobody to hang on to him."

It was clear, frosty weather as we raced through the home counties in the Manchester express, and Zachariah was in immense spirits, so that the journey was a perpetual succession of incidents. He was vastly pleased to find himself in a corridor train, through the length and breadth of which he roamed with pleasure, declaring, however, that no civilized people would long remain in this stage of arrested development, and prophesying that he would live to see Pullman expresses running from London to John-o'-Groat's with drawing room and sleepers and dining-car and observation car and a barber. "This is a big country," said Mr Diggs, "and if it wakens up it will give us points. When Great Britain and Ireland has a mind to, it will lead the procession." Twice during the forenoon Mr. Diggs took a substantial luncheon in the dining-car, for he had a big job before him. "It ain't every day," he said, "that Zachariah P. D. has a cash transaction with a 'Good Samaritan.'"

At Manchester he selected a hansom with considerable care, explaining that he must go by express to 207, Upper Huddart Street, and that if the driver would give us a real razzle-dazzle he would remember him in his will.

The hansom could hardly contain Zachariah as we came near the number, and I gathered that he would give a good deal if Mr. MacPhun's present school impressed the imagination at first sight. No. 207 was a shabby house of considerable age and in extremely bad repair, in which a well to-do man had lived long ago at the rent of a hundred a year, but which was now likely let for thirty-five pounds. Respectable poverty looked at you from the scrap of flowerless garden and the uncurtained windows, and the shabby door and the broken gate; but Diggs saw none of these things for the glory of the board with its fresh paint and impressive lettering of red upon a black ground, and the program of the "Upper Huddart High School for Boys."

—"AND—WALL, HE'S JUST COME TO SETTLE THE BILL FOR THAT FLOUR RIGHT HERE"

"Same old man," said Mr. Diggs; "but he's been growing these thirty years, has Angus; he ain't an old sardine," and Mr. Diggs pointed in triumph to new titles: "LL.D —that's pretty good; 'L.L.D.,' that takes the bakery; 'M A.' ain't in the race now with 'assistant-masters'. And see that!"—Mr. Diggs was almost speechless with admiration—"'Sanscrit, Hindostanee, and other Eastern languages'—how is that for high?—there's no flies on Angus MacPhun, and that was the man who carried a bag of flour with bacon and other fixings to our shanty. 'Sanscrit, Hindostanee, and other Eastern languages.' My gracious! ain't he a big bug?" And Mr. Diggs went up to the door with immense satisfaction.

It was to me, who knew the inwardness of the sight, a very pathetic figure which opened the door and said something about the servant being out. Oh! the lies that Scots will tell to hide their poverty! With clothes worn to the bone, but scrupulously clean, with a careworn face that told of long hours and hard study, and the look of a man that was half starved—the whole tragedy of a poor venture school was in that figure; but the man was a scholar and a gentleman of his kind, from the gray hair to his patched boots. When I saw that man I could have wept. Thirty years of high-class, low-paid drudgery, but Zachariah saw nothing but glory. Mr. MacPhun, to his eyes, was clothed in Degrees as in a purple-and-gold garment. A halo of learning was around his head, and I never heard Zachariah speak with such respect to any living man as when he addressed the Head Master of Upper Huddart High School. He was careful to call him Doctor every second sentence; he apologized for an unlearned man intruding upon a scholar. When MacPhun took us into a room which had no carpet and no furniture save a couple of desks and a few mats, and bade us be seated with a certain grave dignity, Zachariah was plainly abashed and knew not how to proceed, for all his boasting—how he would reduce MacPhun to confusion and take his revenge upon him when at last they met face to face.

"Doctor MacPhun," began Zachariah, "unless I've made the biggest mistake of my life, you once lived at Stockton, Minnesota, United States. Yes, and you were Rector of Stockton Academy just thirty years ago this week; you ain't prepared to deny that on Bible oath. And, Doctor MacPhun, you are the man that carried twenty pound of flour, besides fixings, from the store at Stockton, Minnesota, United States, to a widow's house three miles off in the woods, same postal address, one afternoon thirty years ago." This MacPhun did not seem to remember, and at that moment the bell rang and, murmuring something again about the absent servant, he went to open the door.

His wife came in with some poor provision for their dinner, and as she went along the lobby we caught a glimpse of one who had been a sympathetic helper in the lonely struggle which a few have fought for learning and for life.

"I've been searching my memory," said MacPhun, returning in a minute or two, "and I'm judging that ye are correct in yir allusion to a circumstance which took place during my residence at Stockton. There was a boy helped me to carry the proveesions."

"There was," said Mr. Diggs in huge delight, "and that boys stand six feet two in his stockings, and runs to forty two inches round his chest, and he's seen two or three things since that [illegible] hasn't forgot you, and—and—wall, he's just come to settle the bill for that flour right here." And Zachariah laid [illegible] mother's bag upon the desk and be[illegible] pick out the money, whose largest denomi[illegible] was half a dollar, but which was mainly made up of five-cent pieces—a poor woman's careful savings.

"Toots, man," and MacPhun waved his hand in deprecation; "I had forgotten the circumstance, and ye owe me naething. It was just a neebourly act, and no worth mentioning. Besides," said MacPhun, "it's mair than three year ago, and the claim is barred by the statute o' limitation."

"Doctor, you're a mighty clever man, and I guess there ain't another in this city knows his way as well about Eastern tongues as you, but you've missed it this time; yes, sir, when you speak about your old statute of limitation you are barking up the wrong tree. I don't give a continental for your statutes. I just know one statute, and that was passed by mother; she told me to find you out, and pay that debt. And I've found you, though it's been a pretty long trail, and here is the dust same as my mother saved it and left it with me. And there's a matter of interest which I've worked out, and I'll submit the accounts, Doctor, this evening after dinner, at the hotel."

There were just the four of us, and the honor lay between the Head Master of Upper Huddart High School and Zachariah P. Diggs. The humors were different, but in alternate courses they were both irresistible. Toward the close of the evening Zachariah regained his solemnity and proceeded to business. "When a man does a favor to another he may take it as a certainty he'll be asked to do another, for that's the way human nature is made. You went and helped my mother, Doctor, when she was in a big trouble, and you made tracks, and you thought you had escaped. But you hadn't. You can speak Sanscrit, but you couldn't hide yourself always from that mother's son. Now you can't do any more kindness to that mother, because she has gone home; but you've got to do a favor for her son, and if you're the man I take you to be you'll not say no.

"When my pards and I struck oil last time it was a big streak of luck, and we piled it up considerable. We had had our haul before, and lost the dust lots of ways; now we calculated we should bank some of it where it would bring interest and be safe. We've started a college in Stockton, and it's a pretty nice concern, and it just wants one thing to make it hum—that is a live President. The other men we've got, and I'm over here prospecting for the President, and seeking for the man my mother wanted paid. And, Doctor MacPhun, I've found them both in the same man.

"The conditions are these, and they are: first, that you close your present emporium of learning without delay; second, that Mistress MacPhun and you pack your trunks, and take a run with me to the Mediterranean, where the sun knows how to shine and the sea does pretty well in blue; and that you become President of Stockton College, with a salary to begin with of six thousand dollars and a corresponding place of residence. Mr. President and Mistress President, I drink your good health, and I wish you many years of health and prosperity. I guess the cigars have been overdue for the last thirty minutes, and if Mistress President don't object on grounds of conscience, we'll just light up. Land of liberty, this is the tallest night that Z P D has had since he started out."

Mother's been waiting for this some time," said Zachariah, after the MacPhuns had departed for Upper Huddart Street in a carriage and pair, beyond the power of speech. "She maybe judged that I had been slouching in the business, but she's satisfied now, for the debt is paid with interest. I declare if it ain't twelve o'clock!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED A.D. 1728

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

421 TO 427 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA

December 2, 1899

$2.50 the Year by Subscription

5 Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers

The Bosses of the World

IN HIS little essay on Nobility, Lord Bacon says: "There is rarely any rising but by a commixture of good and evil arts," and then presently adds: "He that standeth at a stay when others rise can hardly avoid motions of envy." In another essay he quaintly condenses a sea of wisdom in the curt remark that "a few that are stiff do tire out a greater number that are more moderate." If we take all three of these sayings and grind them together into that fragrant dust we call knowledge, we shall have the most worldly view that it is possible to hold of life. "Get there honestly, if you can, but get there," is the doctrine cast in later speech.

"When three men hold together
The kingdoms are less by three,"

sings the poet of our day. The stiff few, of which Bacon spoke, form a trust, a syndicate, an alliance, and so easily control the "greater number that are more moderate." It is the bottom principle of all government that the few shall be made stiff for the very purpose of dominion over the masses. The king-bee and the queen-bee are worked for by the hive.

Your able politician will give you some points on this subject. He will deplore the fact that "practical methods of securing votes" must be resorted to; but he will *not* shrink from resorting to them. He knows the weakness of unorganized and unintelligent majorities and the invincible strength of compact minorities. He smiles a far-away, contented smile when he hears the idealist bedecking the "governing masses" with his eloquence. Matthew Arnold's "saving remnant" and the "ward ring" are very much alike in their power to control by leavening the lump, dissimilar as their currents of influence may be. "In union there is strength" applies just as well to evil as to righteous combinations.

Just now it is clear to a few far-seeing minds that the nations are being shuffled by the power of Progress, as cards in the hands of an expert player. Presently there will be a close combination here or yonder for the purpose of control; then woe to the disorganized many! The well-nigh countless millions of China and India, with their lesser neighbors, including Turkey, sit waiting upon Fate. Africa already knows that the hand of the Saxon will hold fast until the shuffle is made—and then? It may be to-morrow, it may be ten years, but the rearrangement of the world is inevitable.

It has been rearranged many a time before; nor are we safe in the hope that the impending adjustment of race influences will be permanent. The Greeks had their supremacy, the Romans followed gloriously, the hordes of the North claimed an inning, Spain inundated the world, France held Europe in the hollow of her hand—but the Anglo-Saxon somehow weathered all storms and is still the master of time. We need not feed upon pago flesh in order to feel the certainty of the coming need—the imperious need—of a compact front for Anglo-Saxon civilization. England and America must stand together or fall together as that civilization's only foundation. Alliance, in the political sense, is not the thought; it is the race spirit and the moral spirit, the spirit which has shown the world what true freedom is, that must stand as one in the two great civilizing nations. We must be stiff and steadfast, not afraid to buttress the base of power. Let idealists feed to a gorge on ancient maxims; it is our task to enlarge proverbs to suit the enlarged exigencies.

When the new combination of the Powers shall come, as come it must, we cannot afford to be among the helpless many floundering at the mercy of a compact and grimly determined alliance. A maxim of freedom may prove to be the bane of liberty under altered conditions. The Boer may cry, "Leave me self government in my own land," while he is disfranchising the majority in that very land! A compact few throttle in the many what they profess to teach is the God given right of all. We may well think deeply at the turning of the tide. To-morrow we shall be stranded high and dry, or riding on the very combing of the sea.

[illegible]

Nothing succeeds like being elected!

Where Should the Young Man Go?

EVER since Horace Greeley gazed upon the virgin plains and beheld the star of empire and called upon the young men of the East to give up home ties and positions and take themselves toward the setting sun, his famous phrase has been sadly overworked. Hundreds of thousands did go West, and civilization has no parallel for the miracles they wrought. But in the third of a century the changes have been vast, and in many of its sections the West is more crowded than was the East when Greeley shouted at the top of his rhetoric, "Go West, young man, go West!" So it has happened that we have many echoes of this cry, and although the West is scarcely a half-century from Indians and wild animals to sky-scrapers and Populists, here we find the Secretary of Agriculture—a new Cabinet position, by the way, which the West established—saying, "Go East, young man, go East." Leave the crowded thoroughfares of the Western land and take up the abandoned farms of New England and the Middle States, and do for the effete portions of the country what your ancestors did for the wilderness. But so far the farmers are not preparing wagon trips to that section where they cultivate the mind along with the land, and where, according to the latest circulated libel, they even import their beaus.

Articles are being published telling young men to go to Siberia, and wonderful are the attractions offered. Our young men are told to go to the new colonies, to Japan and China, to the different parts of the earth; and some of them have gone, and many of them with accommodating relatives have returned. Thousands went to Alaska, and most of them have beautiful stories to tell about the gold which they could not bring home. This idea of going somewhere in order to amount to anything belongs to the restless spirit of the race, and nothing can be more incongruous and more erratic in its contrasts and contradictions. A great business firm in Chicago moved to New York and took its Western men with it; at the same time a rival imported New York men to man its Chicago establishment. A San Francisco millionaire who bought a newspaper engaged editors all the way from New York to run it; then when he bought a New York paper he took his San Francisco editors to run that. The very day a great Eastern railroad took for its General Manager a man from Oregon, a great corporation in the Northwest sent to the Atlantic seaboard for a President.

When big work is to be done, when the big position is to be filled, it is the man that is wanted, and not the fact that he lives at home or has moved away because he did not amount to anything in his own town. The great successes are not made by change of location, although it often has something to do with the case. As a rule, the best thing that happens to the average young man who has to move in order to be worth his bread and butter, is that it throws him upon his own resources. All over the world young men to-day have greater opportunities than were ever known before. But they will not realize them by dreaming that they can become rich on the other side of the world when they fail to do their ordinary duties wherever they may be placed.

—LYNN ROBY MEEKINS

It is said that every time a new cook-book is published there is a boom in drug stores.

Pressing Needs in the Army

ONE of the urgent problems awaiting early solution by the national legislators is the reorganization of the Army. It is made more a problem than need be by the tireless controversies and factional fights which attend all attempts to augment and reorganize the military force. Each year recommendations for relief, under the alluring title of acts "to increase the efficiency of the Army," have been presented without avail. Each Congress has been deluged with petitions of diversified tenor and with drafts of bills, many of them from sources which command attention, with the effect that aid and improvement are arrested. The time approaches, however, when the Army must be reorganized [illegible] the lines prompted by the larger territory which the military force now occupies, the peculiar service the troops [illegible] in our Pacific possessions—are called upon to render, and the necessity of manning the long line of coast forts which are nearing completion, and in many instances are already completed. With measures of such contradictory provisions as have come from the War Department, from the headquarters of the Army, and from the House and Senate committees, it is a natural consequence that Congressmen find it difficult to select the bill or effect a compromise which will bring about the greatest benefit to the Army and furnish the country with the most efficient fighting force or the nucleus of such. There is no assurance that the coming session of Congress will be an exception to the annual variety of military views, and while this doleful prospect does not necessarily mean that reform is hopelessly deferred, it will be accepted by those familiar with conditions at the Capitol as indicating the remoteness of accomplishing anything for the Army. Whether the animosities of the service can be adjusted is doubtful. Until there is a pacification of the warring elements it will be difficult to obtain an agreement from Congress upon a subject which is a bone of contention among Army officers themselves.

It is certain, however, that remedial measures will be attempted for the artillery, which is in desperate straits and which will have increased duties with the manning of the coast fortifications. The artillery arm is a relic of the military organization of the past; it survives on tradition, languishing under a formation which is obsolete and a system which gains respect only because it is venerable. It is one of the mysteries of the service that the artillery has escaped the reforms which have overtaken the infantry and cavalry, and it is explicable only on the ground that the artillery has lacked the influence of other branches—of line and staff—and has been a victim of the opposition which met the various attempts to improve the Army, sometimes when there was no real unfriendliness for the artillery. In the first place, it has come to be admitted by military observers that the artillery should be formed into a separate corps, with a competent head, and that its organization should be with some consideration for the duties which attach to the artillery in the care, maintenance and operation of the guns of the coast defenses. The artillery should be increased at least twofold, unless the service is to be woefully and menacingly deficient in the strength of trained and expert gunners and electricians, or the combination of both, now needed at the modern coast forts.

It is not enough to say that men can be secured in a week or a month to man the batteries, which have already cost, according to General J. M. Wilson, chief of engineers, many millions of dollars; it is not enough to say that the present force will be a nucleus of a larger one; it is not enough to say that the emergency will be met in the future as in the past. Infantrymen can be raised by a call for volunteers and by drafts upon fairly well-trained men of the militia, but for the artillery there is practically no school, and inexpert men are virtually none at all. Unless the artillery be augmented and reorganized during the coming year, the costly project of coastwise defense will have been a dissipation of the public funds.

—JOHN EDWARD JESSE
(Editor of the Army and Navy Register).

It is not what the education does with the man, but what the man does with the education.

To Exterminate the Criminal

AS SOCIETY grows self-conscious it becomes aware that some of itself does not behave well. Without touching on all the questionable shades and degrees of human conduct which are more or less injurious to society, some phases of behavior are palpably bad, and must be dealt with in some fashion, else the body politic expires.

Society's early method was a prompt excision of the part affected. Was there a criminal? Off with his head! This system was simple, cheap and easy; but after centuries of practice it has dawned upon society that criminality is much like a beard—it grows by shaving.

Various depilatories have been recommended and applied, but the crop reappears constantly.

All this while society took the criminal as a dispensation of Providence and never questioned but that he must exist. To-day this ancient assumption totters visibly; we gaze askance upon our criminal class, and begin to wonder where it comes from—what makes it.

Some thought has been given to cutting off the line of individual criminals. That does not work. Crime is not hereditary in that sense and degree. There are not in the world merely certain strains of criminal blood which, being eliminated, all would go well.

Then society, coming still further awake, begins to perceive that humanity—just common, average humanity—responds to certain conditions with astonishing regularity of result; that children—good, ordinary, average children—being subjected to certain conditions, physical, mental, moral, social, become exactly what might have been expected. An occasional hero resists the conditions for a time; but a few generations of it reduce that rare exception to the rule. Certain conditions produce criminals.

Society is now on the right track. It has learned that social disease requires other treatment than shaving. What conditions produce criminals? How can we remove the conditions and so exterminate the crop of criminals?

While we are studying those specific "conditions" which develop criminals, and how on the one hand to eliminate the conditions and on the other to strengthen the resistance of the individual, one thing we can do now. We can seize upon every child now born in the surroundings which we know to be crime-producing and subject him to years of child gardening.

We have plain proof in gathered facts of the reduction in criminality which three or four years of kindergarten training gives, and the objection made by parents to "compulsory education" at a later age does not hold in babyhood.

Mr. Horace Fletcher is preaching this movement, and the good sense of the country ought to help it along.

The saving in money alone ought to appeal to the most sordid. Criminals are a serious pecuniary loss to the State. We should offer a reward for their extermination, as we do for that of the thistle.

—CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON.

At the English Court

London is not easily excited, but she certainly managed to work up a great deal of enthusiasm over the yacht race Being more than five hours ahead of America, in time of day at least, results were not known till about nine o'clock at night. Great crowds surrounded the newspaper offices each evening waiting for the result to be made known. On the evening of the third occasion on which the yachts were unable to sail the course inside the time limit there was an expectant crowd waiting outside the Sun office, and when the disappointing news arrived and the people were dispersing a loud voice sung out, "Blow me! Now the Yankees see we've got a boat as can win, I'm hanged if they'll supply the wind."

Sir George White, who as I write these lines is "at the front" on the border of the Transvaal, is a V. C. It is hopeless for any one not an Englishman bred and born to understand with what sincere reverence these two letters affixed to a man's name are gazed upon by all Britishers. They take precedence of all the letters a man in the course of an industrious life of well doing can acquire even in this country of titles, and although the decoration is a plain bronze cross of no more value than a paper-weight, there is not an Englishman the world over who, if the choice between a V. C. or a dukedom were offered him, would not jump at the chance of the former. The Victoria Cross is conferred upon the fortunate possessor by the Queen herself, who, I believe, never if she can help it deputes to any one the duty of pinning it to the breast of the gallant fellow who has won it, but invariably has him before her and thanks him for doing the deed that brings the honor upon him. The V. C. can only be won in the face of the enemy, and the deed must be one of outstanding bravery. This most coveted honor is worn by drummer boys and Major-Generals alike. On the day that General Sir George White had received from the hands of the Queen the cross with its two plain words "For Valor" upon it, he was walking with a friend, when he suddenly stopped, turned to his companion and said: "I trust to Heaven I henceforth never meet a spitting cat."

"Why?" inquired his friend.

"Why, because I am a coward when cats are concerned. I can't help it, but I always turn tail and make off when a cat arches her back and begins to spit. And I *would* like to wear this cross with honor, you know."

No country in the world has such a number of characters of the type of which the late Colonel Fred Burnaby was a striking example as England. Most of these men are now in South Africa spoiling for a fight. They are men who when there is war astir, no matter in what outlying district of the world it may be, push to the front to take part in the deltrium. When unfortunately (as they consider it) there is no spilling of human blood in progress they betake themselves off to impossible parts of the world to shoot big game, or climb mountains, or do something in some place where there is a good two-to-one chance of having their necks effectively broken. One of the best known of these men is Colonel R. S. S. Baden-Powell. In the war with the Boers he will be a most valuable man to the British forces. He knows well vast tracts of the country likely to become campaigning ground, for he has not only shot over it but has had minute experience of fighting, especially to the north of the Boers' strongholds. He served with great distinction through the Matabele campaign of '96, when he was Chief Staff Officer to Sir Frederick Carrington, who commanded the troops. Baden-Powell, during the campaign, could not curb his spirit, and after an absorbing day's work he was in the habit, when night fell upon the wild country, of sending for the American scout Burnham, and the two would set off for an all night's prowl. The Matabele soon grew to know Powell and conceived a superstitious dread of him, calling him "Impeesa," which freely translated is "The beast that does not sleep, but sneaks about at nights." As a scout no one was more successful, and for getting out of a tight corner not one of all the forces was so cool-headed and quick afoot. He used to jump from rock to rock with the agility of a chamois. Toward the end of the campaign he let the cat out of the bag by explaining how it came that he was so sure-footed. He said: "There is nothing like skirt-dancing for making one sure-footed and nimble. I get on long skirts and do two hours a day dancing. That's the way for a soldier to learn how to keep on his feet." This reads fantastically, but is absolutely true.

When the battle of August 5 in the Matopos—in which Major Kershaw, Lieutenant Hervey and so many others were among the killed—was in progress, Colonel Baden-Powell found himself in a tight corner. He was scouting as usual, endeavoring to discover a path up the rugged hills by which he could lead a company of men and take the enemy in the rear. The fighting was very hot; and while it was going on he clambered from rock to rock or passed across stretches of level ground covered with long, coarse grasses. Suddenly he heard the bleating of goats, and at once jumped to the conclusion that he was about to discover the enemy's supply of fresh meat He quickly and without his customary caution made his way in the direction from which the sound of the bleating came, when all at once he found himself confronted by a group of armed Matabele. The enterprising negroes had tied up two goats in such a way as to cause them to bleat, and the blacks were lying behind big boulders close by in the hope that some fool white man would be lured to the spot to capture the goats. Quick as a flash Powell let drive at the negroes, knocking one over, and then he flung himself down in the long grass. The Matabele fired volley after volley into the grass but not a bullet struck the scout. He wriggled quickly through the grass, and every minute or so leaped to his feet and took a snap shot, which usually reached the enemy with effect. The Matabele evidently believed that there was more of him than appeared on the surface. Had they been certain that he was alone they would have quickly overrun him, and although he might have knocked over a half dozen or so of them when they were on the wing, yet in the end his death would have been certain. He, on the other hand, dared not leave the limited patch of long grass. So the pot shots continued until a company of soldiers heard the shooting and came on at a run to relieve their sweltering scout.

The American bride of the Viceroy of India is proving herself one of the most popular ladies that has ever visited India. The Viceroy's dinner parties and balls have been greatly successful, and have been managed with a pleasing tact that has been greatly appreciated by the rather touchy white rulers of the blistering Empire. Indian climate and curry soon get on the liver. When Lord Curzon was appointed Viceroy I saw in American newspapers many articles and paragraphs which said that an American girl—Lady Curzon—had reached a position in the British Empire second only to Queen Victoria; that she was, in fact, practically Queen of India. The truth of the matter is that there are dozens of positions held by men in the Empire which give their wives far greater scope, and to a woman scope means position. India, it must be remembered, is an Eastern Empire, and in the East woman counts for far less than in the West. Although the Viceroy of India, whoever he may be, is a mighty man in the Empire, yet his wife during his term of office plays nothing but a most domestic part. Her duties are strictly confined to managing the household affairs, for on those great picturesque public occasions so peculiarly Indian—when the native Princes and rulers are present in all their glory—women take no part in the glorious pageantry A good story is told of Lord and Lady Curzon's last visit to Lord Salisbury at Hatfield shortly before the Viceroy sailed to take up his duties in India. Lord Curzon likes a comfortable smoke, and, seated in a saloon carriage, prepared to enjoy the journey back to London by lighting an excellent cigar The noble Lord is given at times to absent mindedness, and this afternoon he was evidently deep in thought—most probably on the subject of his last talk with the Prime Minister. As the train sped on, Lord Curzon, who had held the cigar in his lips for a time unlighted, slowly dipped his finger into his waistcoat pocket, pulled out an exquisite gold matchbox, struck a light, and, still absent-minded, lighted his cigar Then, to the consternation of Lady Curzon, he gently tossed the dainty matchbox out of the window and carefully put the half burnt match into his waistcoat pocket.

The Duke of Cambridge, although as old as his cousin, Queen Victoria, is, like her Majesty, hale and hearty and carries his years remarkably well. Although Lord Wolseley now stands in His Royal Highness' shoes as Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, the Duke, nevertheless, still takes great interest in everything connected with soldiering, and with unfailing success can pick out any man who has ever campaigned, no matter in what sort of civilian dress the old soldier may for the moment be disguised The Duke dearly loves good horseflesh, and is a regular attendant at the various horse shows of the kingdom. Richmond-on-Thames has lately come to the front as a horse-show place, and on the last day of the gathering a host of ladies beautifully dressed are to be seen seated around the ring. A rather mortifying circumstance attended the last visit of the Duke to the Richmond show ground. It will be remembered that the Duke commanded the guards at the battle of Balaclava, and, moreover, that it is held by many whose opinions have weight that had his Royal Highness obeyed Lord Raglan's orders with more alacrity the day would have gone much more in favor of England than was the case. At Balaclava, too, it was Lord Cardigan who led the Light Brigade in its glorious but disastrous charge. Every one knows right well that Balaclava is rather a sore point with the Royal Duke. Well, the Duke was *the* personage of the day at Richmond. When he appeared at the gate driving a smart span of horses the band played God Save the Queen. He drove around the ring and drew up opposite the Press box, quickly stepped out upon the grass and shook hands with the authorities of the show. Two splendid horses stood near by being judged, and the Duke, looking the nearer one critically over, asked the name of the animal. The reply came in sonorous tones, "Cardigan, Your Royal Highness." "And this?" inquired the gray-haired Duke, pointing to the second animal. "Balaclava, Your Royal Highness." They were a pair, those two horses. The Duke of Cambridge looked a whit disconcerted, and a sly grin stole over the faces of the multitude as the Duke, forswearing for the day any further inquisitiveness as to the names of horses, made his way to the Royal box.

—E. W. Sabin.

RUNNING BAREFOOT

By JOHN L. SHOOY

WHAT fun it was, in early spring,
When days were warm and mild,
And birds came back, and everything
Just summed itself and smiled,
To sit down by the old pump trough,
When mother wasn't near
And sneak our shoes and stockings off,
But then came half a fear
That we might see a frown o'erspread
Her ever-kindly face,
'Till smilingly she shook her head,
And then departed every dread,
And joy usurped its place.

How carefully we first would walk
Upon the cold, damp ground!
We didn't want to laugh nor talk,
Nor heedless gaze around,
Until our feet, from toe to heel,
Could join our heads in fun,
And stones themselves we didn't feel,
As over them we'd run
Our kites in stubble fields we'd fly,
We'd walk a sharp-edged fence,
To ev'ry banter we'd reply
With answer we could verify
With ample confidence.

But there's no joy without its woe,
No day without its night
At times we'd "stump" our longest toe,
And drive it out of sight,
Or else a stone bruise on our heel
Would come and make a stay,
Until we 'most began to feel
'Twould never go away
And then our shoes we had to get,
When Sunday morning came.
Those swollen feet—the vain regret
That we had put them off—and yet,
Next day we did the same.

The Fright and Flight of the Dynamiters

JEREMIAH O'DONOVAN, better known as O'Donovan Rossa, once the world famed head of the Irish Dynamiters, not only in New York but in America, is now old, broken down and poverty stricken. His downfall began several years ago, when England and America came to know each other better

In the eighties, when his power seemed absolute, he was holding a weekly council of war in his office in New Chambers Street, New York, with his lieutenants, Short, "Rocky Mountain" Moore, Phelan and others. In the middle of one meeting the door opened and John B King entered. King was an eccentric genius who was an art plasterer by trade, a chemist and inventor by inclination, and a rampant Fenian by nature

His experiments in the making of high explosives had produced so many disasters in quiet tenement houses which he temporarily inhabited that people stood in dread of him.

Rossa looked up as he came in and asked, "Anything new, King?"

"The greatest in the world," answered the inventor, who drew from a pocket a large package. He opened it and disclosed what looked like grensy brown sugar. "There it is. It's a new dynamite, ten times stronger than the old What you see there will blow this building and all of us into atoms. Put out your cigar, you idiot; do you want to commit suicide?"

He got no further. The blood-thirsty Fenians, headed by Rossa, dashed from the room downstairs into the street and left King in undisturbed possession. The story got abroad, and the ridicule it produced seriously injured the prestige of the famous leader.

For the FREEDOM of the SEA

By Cyrus Townsend Brady

Thirty-Fourth Chapter

THE broad expanse of the Atlantic Ocean on the thirty-seventh parallel of south latitude, from the point where its eastern waves roll over Africa's burning sands [illegible] to the Cape of Good Hope to that far quarter of the globe where its western surf beats on Patagonia's desolate shore, is broken at but one solitary [illegible] the island of Tristan da Cunha, with its two small companions, bursts its rocky head eight thousand feet in the air out of the foaming surge. The great waves of the region [illegible] the sole occupants, myriads of which [illegible] the shore is a vast and solitary [illegible] legions of cormorants, albatross and penguins [illegible] alone of beings that have life, builds a nest upon its rocky crags, and its grim recesses reecho to no living voice but the wild cries of these denizens of the air. Lonely and forbidding and [illegible] it seemed to the hearts of many a tall ship [illegible] the face of the treacherous [illegible] the sea [illegible] two ships were about to engage in mortal combat. For two days these two ships had been sailing southward side by side, [illegible] apparently waiting for the arrival of Cook to stay the fury of the storm that they might give battle.

The shifting wind had given to the vessel which flew the starry flag the advantage of the weather-gauge. Each ship had crowded its canvas to three topsails and jib, the sail they had elected to fight under. The sea was still so high that the muzzles of the guns in the main batteries of the two frigates dipped in the water with every roll. It would have been dangerous to open the closed ports, but here, in the lee of the island, the ships were much more steady.

Two days had given ample time to make every provision [illegible] The Narragansett had been deliberately stripped and prepared for action, and all were eagerly awaiting the expected shock of battle. Fairford had been filled with gloomy sadness and foreboding at the thought of the cruel fate which compelled him to engage with his brother's ship, but he neglected no precaution upon that account. Indeed, knowing the quality of the man he had to deal with, it was rather the reverse.

Evelyn, while confident of the success of the English ship under her lover's command, was yet unable to control entirely her anxiety lest some mishap should bring death to him. Margaret prayed constantly for Fairford's safety, and went about softly, timidly seeking reconciliation, but in vain. Ludlow was consumed with jealousy at the near presence of his real rival, and highly [illegible] opportunity for boarding. The spirit of the crew was excellent.

No less prepared was the Undaunted, no less sanguine and confident were her officers, no less willing and impatient her crew.

Heathcote had, indeed, taken a leaf out of America's book, and care in selection and persistency in drill had given him a body of men inferior to none on the ocean. He would show [illegible] that his ship was not the [illegible] Java, he would [illegible] Shannon when she captured the unlucky Chesapeake.

Scarce [illegible] his brother, and the Captain of the other prepared to pour his torrent of destruction upon [illegible].

In running for the island, the Narragansett, on account of [illegible] was somewhat to the [illegible] was well off the [illegible] having a slightly [illegible] long eighteens and thirty-two-pound carronades.

Suddenly, as they came under the lee of the cliffs the Englishman [illegible] in order to [illegible] American holding [illegible] of fire and at the same instant a long tongue of flame shot out from the bow [illegible] on the English ship and a heavy shot roared through the air toward its mark. As the smoke [illegible] of flying splinters on the Narragansett showed that the well-aimed shot had reached its destination.

Captain Fairford, who, in his eagerness to reach a sheltered bay before him, had run close in toward the shore in these unknown waters, unfortunately found himself in a sort of a channel, and not liking the look of the water foaming over a possible reef off to port, was forced to hold on as he was for a short period, until he reached a position in which he could safely clear the reef abreast of him and wear ship off shore.

Being without a single gun with which to reply he bore the attack in grim silence. Six times the long gun forward on the English ship sent its messenger of destruction into the American. The gun practice, contrary to the custom of the English, was excellent. The after part of the hull had been severely pounded, and half a dozen men, at least had been killed or wounded. Controlling his own impatience and restraining and calming the crew, Fairford waited until his ship was [illegible] then he put his helm hard up and ran off before the wind, and the Englishman, to prevent being raked, immediately did the same.

As the two ships [illegible] together and ran off side by side and close together, they began firing, and [illegible] were sharply engaged. The deep roar of the great guns mingled with the sharper [illegible] of the heavy carronades as they screamed to and fro upon their [illegible]. The reeling and pitching of the ships would [illegible] made accurate gunnery impossible with a less trained crew, but the drill by which each had developed his men showed its value now. Great rapidity of action being impossible, they fired coolly and with the utmost deliberation. In accordance with Fairford's direction his men waited upon the crest of a wave when their ship began to [illegible] toward the enemy before they delivered their fire. The Englishmen had been trained [illegible] as good a school as their American brethren and their firing was equally [illegible] and accurate. But the two commanders had chosen different tactics, the English firing as their vessel was rolling away from the enemy.

The startling effects of the upward tendency in Heathcote's fire were at once apparent, for most of the shrouds, braces and ropes on the engaged side of the Narragansett were cut to pieces. The mizzentopmast crashed over forward and to starboard and fell upon the starboard bulwarks, dismantling guns and killing some of the men.

A half-hour after the first exchange of broadsides the lee maintopsail sheet was also cut by a shot, and the sail went aback and [illegible] by several rents, tore itself from the bolt ropes and flapped to pieces in the fierce gale. Deprived of all her after sail, the Narragansett slowly swung off toward her antagonist. The two ships had drifted very near to each other, and the watchful Americans were painfully impressed by the fact that to outward appearances the Englishman seemed to be practically unharmed. Aloft all her spars were still standing, and no sail had been lost with the exception of the jib, the stay of which had been cut by a shot.

The jib halyards had also been carried away, and the sail dragged in the water ahead. This was a serious matter, however, as the wind on the after sails forced the Undaunted's bow up toward the American, and the two ships came together with a terrific crash, the broadside of the [illegible] with every gun bearing.

Eager hands had thrown the grapnels and lashed the two ships tightly together.

A raking broadside, delivered at this short range, had literally torn the insides out of the English ship.

Fortunately for the English, just before the moment of impact, Heathcote, seeing a collision inevitable, had called all hands to the forecastle to board, and as his lower decks had been somewhat cleared, the result of the frightful raking at short range had not been so severe as might have been expected. But his ship was in a dreadful condition. The superiority of Fairford's tactics was now apparent. Neglecting the upper works, which still showed fair, his batteries had devoted themselves strictly to the hull of the doomed frigate. Her decks were covered with dead and dying; her guns were dismounted and dismantled on every side. Wounded in the very vitals, the ship was making water fast. The foretop mast of the Englishman at this moment came down with a mighty crash, falling forward and to starboard and striking the American ship on the quarter, for the two ships had swung sidewise near together again. The heavy spar made an effective bridge from one to the other. Additional lashings at once bound them more closely, and they lay rolling and crashing and grinding against each other like two mighty wrestlers.

Fortunately the loss among the Americans, though serious, had not been so severe as among the English, most of the Undaunted's shots taking effect in the rigging, as had been intended. Heathcote had fought his ship with the utmost gallantry and resolution, and had reduced the upper works of the American until she was almost a perfect wreck aloft, but the terrible pounding he had received in his own hull had demolished his power of offense

The plight of Heathcote's ship resolved him to risk all in a desperate attempt to carry the Narragansett by boarding—a favorite and frequently successful method on the part of the English. When the foremast of the Undaunted fell over, bridging the distance between the two ships, all hands on the Narragansett were called away to repel boarders, first having gotten in a second raking broadside which literally let the daylight through the English ship and completed her destruction below.

As the men came swarming up from below on the Narragansett, rushing aft to the quarter-deck and the lee gangway, the rail of the English ship was suddenly covered with men, handling their cutlasses and pikes and firing their pistols. A tall, slender figure sprang upon the wrecked foremast of the Undaunted, cheering his men and waving his sword; at this instant a volley from the Narragansett's marines, who had been crouching behind the rail and holding their fire, swept away the British who had sprung toward them. The man upon the heel of the foremast wavered in the air and staggered, clapped his hand to his breast, and fell back upon his own deck, but not before Fairford with a thrill of horror had recognized his brother.

"Stand by!" he shouted from the poop-deck in a voice of thunder. The Narragansett's men instinctively tightened their grasp upon their swords, or shortened their hold on the pike in their hands, in preparation for close action.

"Board!" he cried, and leaping upon the Englishman's prostrate foremast, followed by the seamen, ran rapidly across the bridge so formed, in spite of a wavering discharge of small arms, which struck down the men behind.

Meanwhile, from the gangway, old Rhodes made a leap for the bow of the English ship towering above him. Catching the rail with his hands, he drew himself slowly up, when he was violently pulled down from behind. He struggled a moment vainly, lost his balance, and fell back upon the deck, swearing the while, and narrowly avoiding crushing to death Master William Cotton. That ambitious youth, despairing of any other way of boarding the enemy, had endeavored to climb up under the lee of the boatswain's mate by clinging to him in this unceremonious manner. Leaping to his feet at once, and promising Master William a rope's-ending later, the old man seized the boy by the jacket, pitched him up on the rail, and with another spring landed on the forecastle.

At the beginning of the fight young Martin had come on deck in great excitement, and at the moment of impact had seized the cutlass of a dead sailor. Springing on the bowsprit of the Undaunted, he had followed Ludlow and Berry and their men, and charged down upon the dauntless Englishmen on the forecastle with a courage and desperation which betokened a returning intelligence and a recollection of his wrongs. These attacks so gallantly made were as gallantly met, though on account of their losses the English were fewer in number than their assailants.

The English Captain lay in a pool of blood on the forecastle, both legs broken by a grape shot. He was propped up against the heel of the bowsprit, and was gasping from a bullet wound in the breast. In his hands were his pistols, and three or four more which had been hastily collected lay by his side. With superhuman resolution he still cheered on his brave men in the hand-to-hand conflict.

A gigantic Englishman with a swinging stroke of his cutlass cut down old Bill Thompson as he came springing along the mast, and in turn was instantly impaled upon Fairford's sword. A bullet from Heathcote's pistol struck the unfortunate Ludlow fairly in the heart, and he instantly pitched forward head foremost, and fell dead upon the deck of his mortal enemy. Then the rest of that party, now led by Berry, struck the English crowded on the forecastle, and, though fighting desperately, forced them to give back a little.

There was no space for pistol shooting now, and the men in the tops could not fire into the tangled mass on the forecastle of the Undaunted; so cutlass gritted against cutlass and steel rained blows upon steel. The men fought without cheering. Deep breathings and groanings and muttered oaths, with now and then a shriek of agony, were the only sounds they uttered. Old Rhodes soon cleared a space in front of him by the skillful use of his cutlass and the powerful sweep of his mighty arm. Into this space little Cotton rashly darted, and, followed impetuously by young Martin, leaped toward Heathcote.

The last bullet from Heathcote's last pistol sent the young man to join his father

The two men between Heathcote and the approaching Americans were cut down by Berry and Rhodes respectively, but not until one of them had nicked the life out of the small William with his cutlass. Samuel Martin, though wounded by a stray bullet, sprang over the little boy's body into the open space and raised his cutlass to drive it through the body of the prostrate English Captain. The last bullet from Heathcote's last pistol sent the young man to join his father. As Rhodes leaped forward with raised cutlass the Englishman in a feeble voice said faintly:

"Drive it home, my man; I'm done for."

Thirty-Fifth Chapter

THE English, fewer in numbers than the Americans, had begun to retreat. Though they had no thought of surrendering they were gradually driven up against the lee rail, where, disdaining quarter, they fought until cut down to a man.

Fairford, powder-stained and dirty, with torn clothing and with blood streaming down his face from a wound on his forehead so that a piece of skin fell down over his eye and nearly blinded him, staggered over to where Heathcote lay, his head supported by one of the American sailors.

"Great Heavens, Blake! was it your ship?" murmured the dying Englishman. "I might have expected from the fight you were putting up that it was one of the family. You have won again—too bad—but you are a wreck aloft, as I am below," he said feebly.

"Run over to the Narragansett for a surgeon's mate some one. Bear a hand, for God's sake," cried Fairford in tones of agony.

"Never mind the doctor, Blake. I've got it in both legs, and I've got it in the breast. Tell Evelyn——" he whispered.

"Can nothing be done, Dick?" said Fairford, sweeping the blood from his brother's face and tying a handkerchief about his head

"Nothing," said the latter, opening his eyes wearily. "I am gone—good-by, Blake—the game is up—you have won—where's mother?—tell Ev—— What's that, a vision?" he almost shrieked, with a sudden accession of strength as a woman, looking eagerly about her, stepped upon the deck of the Undaunted

Her glance fell first upon the body of a man lying face upward at her feet, his left hand pressed upon his heart, his right still holding his sword. It was Ludlow. He had met death as he had faced life—with a smiling countenance. A wave of pity swept over the girl as she realized who lay before her, and then her eye fell upon the little group forward. With a wild scream she sprang toward them

"Is it a vision?" repeated Heathcote faintly.

"No, it is I in flesh and blood, come to save you, my love, my King," she whispered, falling upon her knees and relieving the sailor who was holding her lover's head. "Where are you wounded? Where do you suffer?

"Nowhere since you are here, sweetheart," he murmured, smiling

"A surgeon!" she cried to Fairford, as she noticed Heathcote's deadly pallor. "For God's sake, quick!

"I will see to it at once," answered the American weakly, rising to his feet and staggering, faint from the loss of blood, back to his own ship

In the forecastle of the Narragansett whither he had been carried by his shipmates, lay old Bill Thompson, dying. Master Joseph Rhodes, his whilom antagonist and devoted friend, who had come unharmed through the fight, was kneeling beside him In his last moments he opened his eyes slowly and recognized the boatswain's mate. His lips moved and the old seaman bent down to listen.

"I guess," said the dying sailor feebly, "that maybe I'd 'a' done better if I'd 'a' believed that there yarn—about Jones," and then the voice of the poor skeptic was stilled forever. To believe or not to believe in Jonah—that was his theology.

"I wonder if that confession come too late," muttered old Rhodes, and he brushed away a rare tear with the back of his hard hand

The English ship, which was clear above, was a wreck below. When the men on the forecastle had been beaten by the Americans, opposition had ceased because there was no one left to carry it on. A grim, blood-stained veteran stood alone at the helm; one or two others, still unwounded, had thrown down their arms. The marines and others in the top had of course surrendered. The broken and battered deck and hull, in which apparently every shot from the Narragansett's heavy batteries had taken effect, looked like a slaughter-house.

Below, in the cockpit, the surgeon, killed by a stray shot in one of the rakings, had fallen dead upon the body of the man upon whom he had been operating, and the sailor had quietly bled to death under his dead hand. The ship had been literally beaten to pieces. At the close range the shot from the carronades went smashing through her, fairly crushing everything before them. Grape from the long guns, and solid shot as well, and the two raking broadsides she had received had demolished everything between decks. Everything was wet with blood, cumbered with dead and wounded of both crews, all shrieking, praying, cursing or groaning as they were rolled to and fro on the unsteady ship. A few seconds after Fairford had dropped back upon his own deck, followed by most of his men, the lashings, already fearfully strained, carried away suddenly under the rolling of the two ships in the tremendous seas, and the inert English vessel drifted away.

Before Fairford could summon his own surgeon the two ships had parted. His wound dazed him somewhat, and as he stood looking stupidly at the English ship drifting away and plainly sinking he forgot for the moment his errand. A cry of anguish close beside him recalled him to himself.

"Blake, Blake," shrieked a terrified voice at his elbow, "you are wounded—killed—God have mercy!"

It was Margaret, who had come from below when Evelyn had done so. The two girls had learned from the wounded and captured English seamen when they reached the deck that the prize was the Undaunted, commanded by Heathcote. Evelyn had torn herself from Margaret's restraining hand and had leaped aboard. Margaret was at the moment endeavoring to follow her, when she was confronted by her lover.

"He's gone," said Fairford wildly, putting his hand to his head. "It's Dick's ship I have captured, and we have killed him. Poor mother," he muttered, leaning against the main fife-rail.

"Yes, yes, of course" cried Margaret eagerly, "but you, Blake, tell me of yourself—you are wounded. At this moment Fairford came to himself again.

In that scene of blood, of death, of ruin, of despair—he saw only this woman.

"Do you care if I live or die?" he cried, turning toward her.

"Care?" she cried, fearlessly looking him in the face "Oh, blind and foolish, do you not see, do you not know that I love you?"

"Thank God," he sobbed impulsively, taking her hand, careless of who might see; "it's the second victory of the morning, and the better."

"Look to the English ship, sir," said Rhodes at this moment; "she's sinking, and there's a woman on board her."

"Heavens!" exclaimed Fairford, and Margaret screamed: "Evelyn! Evelyn! You must get her off!"

"Mr. Berry," said the Captain to that officer, "I do not see Mr. Ludlow. Make what sail you can and close with the prize. Quick! for your lives, men! There's a woman on board her."

As the uninjured seamen of the Narragansett sprang into the remnants of the rigging the helm was shifted and the

Editor's Note—This story began in the Post of September 30.

vessel slowly started toward her beaten antagonist. In the first of the hurry and confusion after the battle, though the ship had been surrendered, the English flag had not been hauled down, and afterward Fairford commanded that it be allowed to remain flying.

The seamen had hardly gained the futtock shrouds when the cry, "Sail ho!" rang through the ship from half a dozen affrighted voices.

"Where away?" cried Berry.

"Right astern, sir, a large ship coming around the island, making up fast."

In the stress of the battle no one had noticed the near approach of a heavy ship of the line.

"What now, sir?" cried Berry promptly.

"We must get away from that one if we can," answered Fairford without a moment of hesitation.

"And leave Evelyn?" cried Margaret frantically. "You cannot mean to abandon her on that sinking ship!"

Fairford sternly shook his head.

"If you love me," cried Margaret.

"I cannot," said Fairford brokenly. "Duty—I must look first of all to my ship. Square away!"

Such sail as could be spread upon the Narragansett was immediately gathered, and she forged through the water.

"Pray God," said Fairford, "that the spars hold, else we are lost. The English may delay by the prize and give us a chance to escape."

Even under the reduced sail which the weakened spars and the heavy wind permitted her to carry, the Narragansett showed her marvelous speed. They might still get away.

After a time the pursuing ship overhauled the sinking frigate. As Fairford thought, the English ship hove to abreast of the wreck. She might still be in time to rescue Evelyn and the rest. Fairford and Margaret, with all the rest, with straining eyes watched her lower a boat in the heavy sea, but alas! before it reached the Undaunted that gallant vessel, her colors still flying from her mast head, plunged beneath the sea and disappeared in its depths.

"See, she's gone!" cried Fairford in a hollow voice to the fainting girl at his side. The gallant Ludlow, with his smiling face, the little boy whose prize money would go no more to his mother, the hundreds of other officers and men of both ships, the dead Heathcote himself, over whose head still fluttered the flag he had fought for, whose lips were still wet with the long kiss of farewell of the woman he had loved; that woman [illegible] to meet death by her lover's side, between the bodies of the dead ringed about by the wounded, who stifled their groans as they looked upon her, undaunted and matchless—all were gone.

Friend and foe, gallant enemy, youthful lovers, sank in peace together into the deep. It was over. The prophecy of her lighter moments had proven true, and Evelyn Heathcote had ended her cruise under the British flag.

In the vast vortex made by the sinking ship a few heads were seen, and some men were picked up by the party on the water. Of all the splendid fabric which had gone into action so magnificently that morning, of the heroic crew who had displayed all the gallantry of their nation, there were left only a few floating spars upon the ocean, one or two men in the English boat, and one or two upon the Narragansett's deck as that ship desperately made her way northward.

The cutter was soon hauled to the davits on the English ship of the line, and the latter filled away in pursuit again. Slowly she began to overhaul the hapless American with her load of dead and dying upon her deck. The pursuing Englishman set his foresail and maintopgallantsail at the same moment that the topmast of the Narragansett succumbed to the strain upon it. Then the liner ranged ahead across the pathway of the ship.

A broken thirty-six, after the desperate victory won that morning, could make no fight against a new ninety-gun ship of the line. With his own hand—to save any other the humiliation—Fairford slowly lowered his flag. Old Rhodes, with a deep groan, snapped his cutlass across his knee as the colors struck the deck, and threw the pieces overboard. Another boat from the liner was brought alongside, after successful though difficult manœuvring in the heavy sea, and several men clambered aboard.

"What ship is this?" said the officer at the head, advancing toward Fairford and removing his hat as he saw Margaret clinging to her lover's arm.

"The United States ship Narragansett, which I have the honor to command. What ship is that one?"

"His Britannic Majesty's ship Poictiers, Captain Edward Lascelles, flying the flag of Vice-Admiral Sir Thomas Hardy. Thinking you might need them, we have brought two surgeons and a surgeon's mate with us to help you. Heavens, how cut up you are! What ship was that you fought with? Both the men we got in the water were too badly wounded to give any coherent account of [illegible]."

"That was formerly His Britannic Majesty's ship Undaunted, prize to this ship when you came up," said Fairford proudly.

"Prize, sir? We noticed that she went down with her colors flying."

"Ay, sir, she was allowed to fly them by my direction."

"Why that, sir?"

"Because," said Fairford slowly, "her Captain was my brother."

"Your brother! Then you are——"

"Captain Blakely Fairford, at your service."

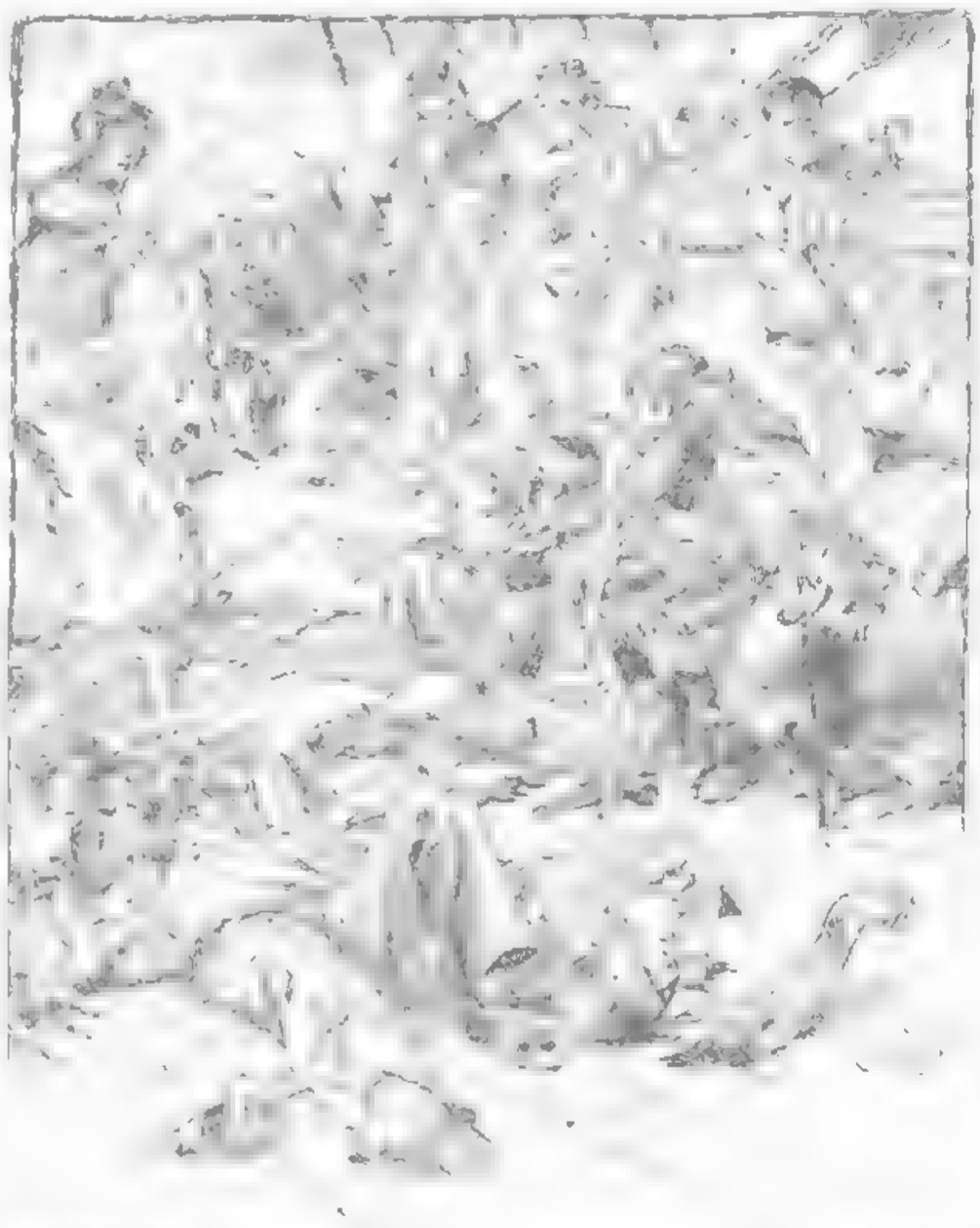
"Merciful Heavens!" cried the Lieutenant. "Did you pick up a woman with your little boat, sir?" said Margaret faintly.

"No, madam," said the officer in great surprise, "was there a woman on board?"

The limp figure which sank to the deck at his feet told Fairford that the strain had at last proved too much for Margaret. When they had succeeded in reviving her, he carried her down into the [illegible] boat and they were rowed to the Poictiers.

The gallant old Admiral refused to take his sword, and showed to him and the rest of his crew the same attention which under similar circumstances had been so thoroughly bestowed by the Americans upon the English whom they had captured. As Fairford and Margaret stepped upon the deck of the Poictiers, the young Captain turned and looked back upon his ship. As he gazed upon her, the stops of a ball of bunting which had been slowly hoisted to the gaff were broken, and there above his beautiful frigate fluttered the English flag.

As far as he and Margaret were concerned, the cruise of the Narragansett was over.



"What's that—a vision?" he almost shrieked

Thirty-Sixth Chapter

THE great English Admiral treated his captives with the utmost consideration. He set apart a stateroom in his own cabin for the use of Margaret, and another for Fairford, who was immediately placed under the care of a surgeon and not permitted to rise from his berth until the next day. During the rest of the day and the night following the Poictiers stood by the prize until the jury masts had been rigged, rigging spliced, and other preparations made for the long journey to England. Throwing a heavy prize crew on board of her, the line of battle ship squared away for home, leaving the captured frigate to make the best of her way there alone, which, by the way, she did in safety.

That night the Admiral, the Captain of the ship, Fairford and Margaret dined together in the great cabin, and the eventful story of the cruise was told from the beginning.

"Did you know it was your brother's ship?" interrupted the Admiral when Fairford's narrative reached the point where he engaged the Undaunted.

"I did, sir. You know I had your signal book, and your navy list as well. I would have preferred any other ship to that, but my [illegible]."

"I know, I know," said the Admiral mournfully; "duty has no respect for family [illegible]."

"When we had captured the Undaunted, after a desperate hand-to-hand fight on her own decks, prior to which my brother had been mortally wounded while attempting to board us, Miss Heathcote learned that my brother, to whom she was betrothed, was in command, whereupon she immediately came aboard. When I returned to my own ship, intending to make arrangements for the transfer of the wounded, she remained with her lover. You were sighted immediately, and I felt it my duty to attempt to preserve my ship, so we sailed away and left them, and they went down together."

"Gentlemen," said the Admiral, solemnly

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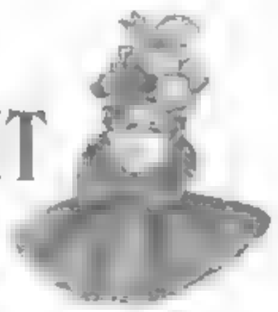

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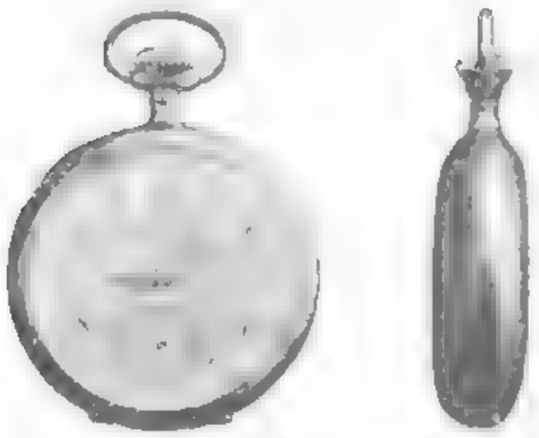

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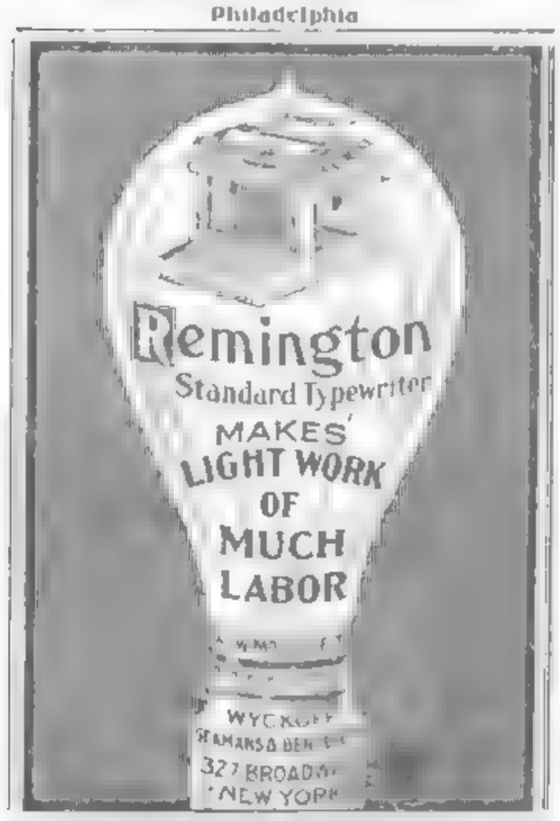

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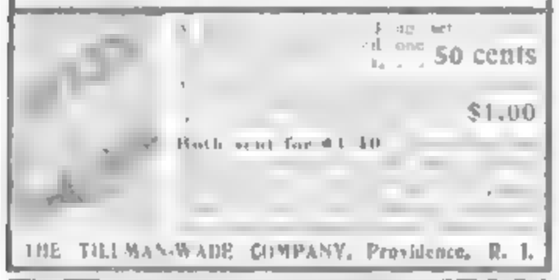

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rising, "I wish to give you a toast. Drink with me to the two bravest women I know of: to the eternal memory of Mistress Evelyn Heathcote, who chose to go down with her lover in his ruined ship rather than live without him, and to the living presence of Mistress Margaret Barrett, for whose courage and hardihood in taking that ride her country should be ever grateful. God bless me, my little miss," said the Admiral with most [illegible] and laying his hand upon her shoulder "you are worthy to have been the bride of a [illegible]"

Instead of which Admiral," said Fairford quietly "she has promised to try to be content with me."

"Sir, you are a lucky sailor; but Miss Barrett, you will not find it a difficult task I am sure, for your husband," he added, turning to the blushing Margaret, "will certainly take his place among the great Captains of your country, Hull, Decatur, Bainbridge, and the others whom this war has introduced to us. What are your purposes for England, Captain Fairford?"

"They depend largely upon your pleasure sir."

"My pleasure is to have you paroled at once, and left at liberty until you are regularly exchanged, and if Mistress Barrett will [illegible] of Lord Hood and myself in the meantime, and you also, we shall indeed feel honored. In any event, pray make use of my purse as your own," added the kind and generous Admiral.

"In that case, sir, I shall feel it my duty to visit my mother at once. You know how I came to be related to Richard Heathcote, [illegible]"

"Yes," said the Admiral. "I have heard the story. It is known all through the service that poor Heathcote had an American brother [illegible] Navy."

[illegible] years, and I feel that the awful duty of telling her of the death of her husband and son has devolved upon me. I shrink from it, but it must be done."

"I would rather fight a battle than do it myself," said Hardy thoughtfully, "but duty, you know, my lad—

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Mr. Stokes' Unfinished Picture

THERE is one unfinished picture brought back from the Arctic by Frank W. Stokes, the artist who accompanied the Peary relief expedition in 1892 and also the second Peary expedition in 1893. This picture was begun in the winter of 1893–4. On this trip Lieutenant Peary determined to supplant coal with coal oil for fuel. He had a score of barrels of petroleum stacked upon the shores of Bowdoin Bay, which was his winter quarters. It so happened that before the oil could be carried to a place of safety a section of ice from a glacier broke and fell into the bay. The fall caused a mighty rush of waters, which broke the ice and dashed high up on the opposite beach, carrying away the barrels when they receded.

The winter before, when coal was used, the explorers' houses were so warm they had to open the doors to cool off. This winter Mr. Stokes and George Clark, his house mate, sat around their lamp, clad in fur until the atmosphere became so close that the lamp flickered and the door had to be opened for a fresh supply of oxygen. Mr. Stokes was provided with a complete artist's outfit, and utilized his days painting the grand scenery surrounding the bay. His favorite spot was the Ice Cap, 3000 feet above the surrounding country.

Of course an artist cannot paint with fur mittens on. So Mr Stokes alternately painted and warmed his hands in their fur coverings. One day while painting this unfinished picture he was seized with a frenzy of enthusiasm. He had secured a wonderful sky effect, and he made the snow and ice fairly glisten on his canvas. Then he started to put in the purple that enveloped the distant peak.

"What's the matter?" asked Clark, noticing the artist's delay.

"The purple tube is frozen stiff."

And so it was.

"Your fingers are white enough," continued Clark.

Stokes looked down. His fingers were frost-bitten. It was some time before he could resume his work, and this particular picture never was finished. Still he values it quite as highly as some of those the critics have praised.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOR NEXT WEEK

Will contain the third paper in Thomas B. Reed's notable series, which is now running in the Post. In this article the former Speaker of the National House will describe in detail some of the most famous breaches of parliamentary discipline that have ever occurred in the halls of Congress.

Rows in Congress

Mr. Reed's papers on National affairs are an important contribution to our political history. They deal strenuously and authoritatively with certain of the lesser-known phases of public life, and they are fraught with a deep and absorbing interest for every American who would be well informed as to the affairs of the Nation. The busiest man can well afford to devote a half hour to reading Rows in Congress.

By Thomas B. Reed

No effort is being spared to secure for the Post the best fiction, the best articles, the best editorial and humorous matter written. Indeed, none but the best is considered good enough for readers of the Post. No week passes without giving the publishers an opportunity to announce some of

The Post's New Features

Among them is a group of short stories and serials by some of the foremost writers of the day—men whom the reading public have assigned to the highest places in the world of letters:

Rudyard Kipling

Will contribute to the Christmas number of the Post one of the best short stories that have come from his pen for a long time. In Garm: A Hostage, Mr. Kipling returns to India and his soldier friends.

R. H. Davis

Will have in a January number of the Post a rattling story that will appeal with equal force to both men and women. It is characterized by that distinction of style and subtle charm which pervade all of Mr. Davis' work.

Jerome K. Jerome

The author of Three Men in a Boat and The Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow, has just completed a series of twelve irresistibly funny stories, which will appear in the Post when For the Freedom of the Sea has been concluded. Every one who knows Mr. Jerome's gift for seeing and transcribing the little comedies of every-day life will wish to read

Three Men on a Bicycle

This series is as deliciously humorous as Three Men in a Boat, and it promises to have as great a vogue as the author's former great success. Each of the parts may be read with enjoyment, independently of those that precede it.

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A young man in Rochester, New York, writes: "Some time ago I saw a notice in the Post saying that agents were wanted in various parts of the country to represent the magazine. I had been looking for some profitable employment and decided to take up the work, though it was entirely new to me. Counting the cash prize which you sent me, I earned $208.00 in a little more than a month. This is the largest sum of money I have ever earned in that length of time, and you may depend upon it I shall continue." What this young man accomplished is being done by [illegible]er young people throughout the country. The "prize" which he refers to was [illegible]26 cash awards, amounting to $3000, which were paid to Post agents, in addition to the commission paid upon each order. We have just arranged another offer similar in character, but in which $18,000 will be given to 764 persons. It is within the power of any one, with a little effort in spare hours, to secure a part of this sum, and a very liberal commission will also be paid upon each order when it is [illegible] All the necessary information will be sent by the Post Circulation Bureau.

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The STANTON Coachman

By Paul Laurence Dunbar

THE morning sun touched the little old fashioned Virginia church with glory, while in the shadow of its vine-covered porch an old negro alternately mumbled to himself and dozed.

It was not yet time for the service to begin, and as I stood watching the bees go in and out of the honeysuckle vines there came up the road and halted at the door a strange equipage. Side by side upon the one seat of an ox-cart sat a negro, possibly fifty years of age, and an old white lady. No one could have mistaken her for one of the country women coming in from any of the adjoining farms, for she was unmistakably a lady, from the white hair which crowned her high-bred face to the patched and shabby shoe that peeped from under her dress as she alighted. The black man had leaped down and, holding in one hand the ropes that did duty as reins, helped her tenderly to the ground.

The grace and deference of his manner were perfect, and she accepted his service with a certain genial dignity that bespoke custom. She went her feeble way into the church, and I was surprised to see the dozing old negro wake into sudden life, spring up and doff his cap as she passed. Meanwhile at the heads of the lazy oxen stood the shabby servitor, erect and fine-looking, even in the tattered garments that covered his form.

The scene would have been ludicrous if there had not been about it an air of dignified earnestness that disarmed ridicule. You could almost have imagined that black tatterdemalion there a coachman in splendid livery, standing by the side of his restless chargers, and that ox-cart with its one seat and wheels awry might have been the most dashing of victorias. What had I stumbled upon—one of those romances of the old South that still shed their light among the shadows of slavery?

The old negro in the porch had settled himself again for a nap, but I disregarded his inclination and, the service forgotten, approached him: "Howdy, Uncle."

"Howdy, son, howdy; how yo' come on?'

"Oh, I'm tol'able peart," I answered, falling easily into his manner of speech. "I was just wondering who the old lady was that went in church just now.

He looked up questioningly for a minute, and then being satisfied of my respect, replied, "Dat us de Stanton lady—Ol' Mis' Stanton."

"And the black man there?"

"Dat's Ha'rison; dat's de Stanton coachman. I reckon yo' ain' f'om hyeah?"

"No, but I should like to know about them."

"Oomph, 'tis a wonder yo' ain't nevah hyeahd tell o' de Stantons. I don' know whah yo' been at, man. Why, ev'body knowed de Stantons roun' 'bout hyeah. Dey wuz de riches' folks anywhah roun'."

"Well to do, were they?"

"Well to do! Man, whut yo' talkin' 'bout? I tell yo', dem people wuz rich, dey wuz scand'lous rich. Dey owned nearly all de dahkies in de county, an' dey was'n no hi'in' out people, neithah. I didn' 'long to dem, but I allus wished I did, 'case——

But about Harrison?"

I 's I were a-goin' to say, my ol' mastah hi'ed out, an' I wuz on de go mos' all de time, 'case I sholy wuz spry an' handy dem days. Ha'rison, he wuz de coachman, an' a proudah, finah dressed dahky yo' nevah seed in all yore bo'n days. Oomph-um, but he wuz sta'chy! Dey had his liv'ry made at de same place whah de [illegible] de young mastah's clothes, an' dem fine sights. Such gol' buttons, an' long coats, an' shiny hats, an' boots! The old man paused and shook his head, as if the final glory had been reached. "Dey ain't no mo' times lak dat," he went on. "Hit used to be des lak a pu'cession when Ha'rison come ridin' down de road on top o' de Stanton ca'ige. He sot up thar des ez straight, de hosses a prancin', an' de wheels a glistenin', an' he nevah movin' his nark to de right er de lef', no mo'n ef he wuz froze. Sometimes yo' could git a glimpse [illegible] inside, an' she wuz allus [illegible] smilin', lak a real lady ought to be [illegible] times dey'd have de ca'ige open [illegible]

THE GRACE AND DEFERENCE OF HIS MANNER WERE PERFECT

Cunnel would come a ridin' down 'longside o' hit on one o' his fine hosses, an' Ha'rison ud sit straightah dan evah, an' yo' couldn' a tol' wheddah he knowed de footman wuz a sittin' side o' him er not.

"Dey wuz mighty good to all de people, de Stantons wuz, an' dey lahbly id'lized dem. Why, ef Miss Dolly had a stahted to put huh foot on de groun' any time she'd a had a string o' niggers ez long ez f'om hyeah to yandah a layin' dahse'ves in de pafh fu huh to walk on, fu' dey sholy did love huh. An' de Cunnel, he wuz de beatenes' man. He couldn' nevah walk out on de plantation 'dout a whole string o' pickaninnies a follerin' aftah him. Dey knowed whut dey wuz doin', fu' aftah while de Cunnel tu'n 'roun an' th'ow 'em a whole lot o' coppers an' fips, an' bless yore hea't, sich anothah scram'lin' an' a rollin' an' a tumblin' in de dus' yo' nevah seed. Well, de Cunnel, he'd stan' thar an' des natchelly crack his sides a-laffin' ontwell dey wuz thoo fightin', den he call up dem dat hadn' got nuffin' an' give 'em dath sheer, so's to see 'em all go off happy, a hollerin' 'Thanky, Mas' Stant', thanky, mastah!' I reckon any fips dey gits now dey has to scratch fu' wuss'n dey did den. Dem was wunnerful times'

"Den come 'long de time o' de wah, an' den o' co'se I oughtn' to say hit, but de Cunnel, he made a great big mistake; he

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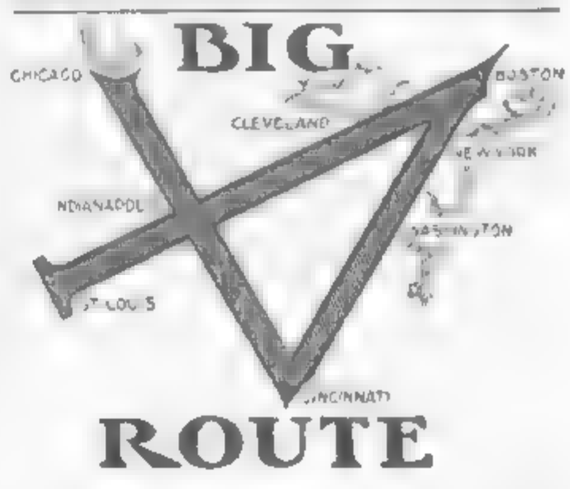

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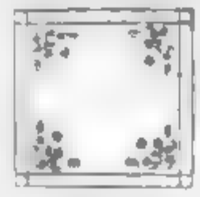

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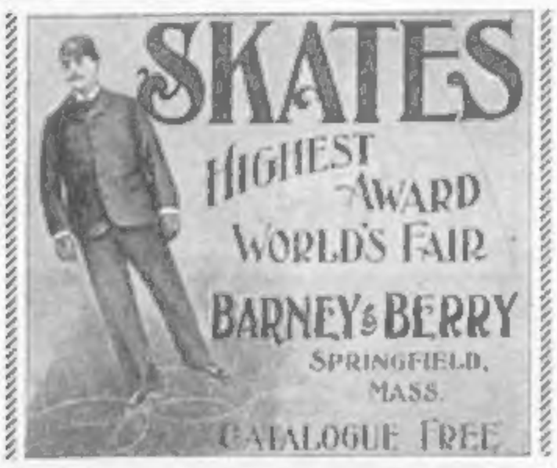

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freed all de niggahs. Hit wuz des dis away: de Stantons, dey freed all daih sarvants right in de middle o' de wah, an' o' co'se nobody couldn' stan' ag'inst daih wo'd, so freedom des spread. Mistah Lincoln mought 'a' been all right, but he didn' have nothin' to do wid hit. Hit wuz Mas' Stanton, dat who it wuz. Ef hit wasn', huccome Mas' Stanton keep all de sarvants he want, eben ef he do pay 'em wages? Huccome he keep Ha'ison, 'ceptin' he writ home to his lady? He wuz at de wah, an' thar wasn' no mo' folks on de place, 'ceptin' sarvants, w'en hit all come up. Ha'ison he layin' flat on his back sick in his cabin, an' not able to do nuffin' a-tall. Seemed lak dey'd a freed a no-count dahky lak dat; but no, suh, ol' Mis' sont Marfy to nuss him, an' sont him all kin' o' contraptions to git him well, an' ol' Doctah Ma'maduke Wilson he come to see him.

"Den w'en Ha'ison got up ol' Mis' went down to see him, an' tuk him his wages, an' 'sisted on payin' him fu' de th'ee months he'd been a-layin' thar, 'case she said he wuz free an' he'd need all de money he could git. Den Ha'ison, he des broke down, an' cried lak a baby, an' said he nevah 'spected dat ol' Mis' 'ud evah put any sich disgrace erpon him, an' th'owed de money down in de dus' an' fell down on his knees right thar in all his unifo'm.

"Mis' Stanton, she cry, too, an' say she didn' mean no ha'm to him. Den she tell him to git up, an' he 'fuse to git up, 'ceptin' she p'omise dat he allus gwine to drive huh des lak he been doin'. Den she say she spec' dey gwine to be po', an' he 'ply to huh dat he don' keer; so she p'omise, an' tek de money, an' he git up happy. Dat look lak de end o' hit all, but la, chile! dat wuz des de beginnin', an' de end o' hit ain't come yet.

"De middle paht come w'en de wah ended, an' de ol' Cunnel come back home all broke up f'om de battles, an' de young mans, dey nevah come back a-tall. Daih pappy, he wuz mighty proud o' dem, dough. He'd allus say dat he lef' his two boys wid daih feet to de foe. I reckon dat's de way dey bu'y dem. He wuz a invally hisse'f—dat's whut dey call de sojers dat's gone down in de Valley an' de Shadder o' Def, an' he sholy wuz in de Valley a long w'ile. But Ha'ison he des keep on drivin' dem, dough de plantation wuz all to' up, an' dey'd got mighty po', an' daih fine ca'iges wuz sold, an' dey didn' have but one hoss, him a-lookin' lak a ol' crow-bait. Marfy patched an' patched huh man's lib'ry 'twell hit wuz one livin' sight to behol'.

"W'en dat ol' crow-bait o' a hoss died, him an' Marfy wouldn' let daih ol' Mis' go out a-tall, but Marfy, she'd wheel de Cunnel roun' in his cheer, w'ile huh man wuz a-hi'in' out so's to buy anothah hoss an' a spring wagin. Soon's dey got dat de ol' Missis 'menced comin' back to chu'ch ag'in, 'case she mighty 'ligious ooman, an' allus wuz. An' Ha'ison he sat on dat wagin seat de same ez ef he wuz on de ol' ca'ige.

"'Ha'ison,' somebody say to him one time, 'w'yn't yo' go on away f'om hyeah an' mek somep'n out yorese'f? Yo' got 'telegence.' Ha'ison, he go 'long an' shet his mouf, an' don' say nuffin'. So dey say ag'in, 'Ha'ison, w'y don' yo' go 'long up Norf an' git to be a Cong'essman, er somep'n 'nothah?' Den he say, 'I don' want to be no Cong'essman, ner nuffin' else. I been a-drivin' ol' Mis' fu' lo, dese many yeahs, an' I don' want nuffin' bettah den des to keep on drivin' huh.' W'y, dat man, seemed lak he got proudah dan evah, 'case hit wuzn' de money he wuz lookin' aftah; hit wuz de fambly. Anybody kin git money, but Gawd got to gin yo' quality.

"I don' lak to talk 'bout de res' o' it. But, de spring wagin an' de hoss had to go w'en de Cunnel laid down in de Valley, an' hit wuz nigh onter a yeah fo' ol' Mis' Stanton come out to chu'ch ag'in. But Ha'ison done eahned dat team o' oxen an' de cyart, an' dey been comin' in dat evah sence. She des ez sweet an' ladyfied ez she evah wuz, an' dat niggah des ez proud. I tell yo', man, yo' kin kiver hit up wid rags a foot deep, but dey ain' no way to keep real quality f'om showin'!"

The old man paused and got up, for the forgotten service was over and the people were filing out of church. When the old lady came out there were lifted hats and courtly bows all along her pathway, which she acknowledged with gentle gracefulness. Her conchman suddenly became alive again as he helped her into the rude cart and climbed in beside her. She gave her hand to a slim, fine-faced man as he stopped to bid her good-by, then the oxen turned and moved off up the road whence they had come.

THE PRESIDENT'S MILITARY DOORKEEPER

ONE of the many interesting anomalies of official life in Washington is the presence in the White House of a full-fledged officer on the regular active list of the United States Army performing the duties of a servant. It is not at all unusual for the heads of departments and the chiefs of bureaus to detail messengers and laborers to act as coachmen, footmen, butlers, etc., in their private residences, and the plum-colored livery of the footman of the Secretary of the Treasury, who acts as official messenger at the Department in the morning, is all too familiar in Vanity Fair during winter afternoons. The Secretary of State, too, is so hardened by usage as not to be surprised when, at evening receptions, the door of his friends' homes is opened by the same dusky person who waits upon him in his office during the day. But in the case of Charles D. A. Loeffler, Captain and Military Storekeeper, United States Army, it is different, and the only one of its kind. Loeffler has been for more than a score of years the faithful guardian of the President's office door—the one leading from the main corridor of the office portion of the mansion directly into the Cabinet room. Here the stolid Teuton has swung the door to and fro through many Administrations. He is a shrewd, close-mouthed man, who knows many things that he keeps to himself, and he is one of the various official servants in like station in Washington who "has a larger personal acquaintance with public men than any other man in the United States."

Photo by C. M. Bell, Washington, D. C.

CHARLES D. A. LOEFFLER
Captain and Military Storekeeper U. S. A. Doorkeeper at the Cabinet Room, Executive Mansion.

President McKinley is a kindly disposed, friendly man who takes a personal interest in the happiness and welfare of those about him. So, looking for a chance to reward the services of Doorkeeper Loeffler, he hit upon the plan of making him a Captain in the Regular Army. He thereupon had a bill passed by Congress reviving the office of Military Storekeeper, extinct since the war, and providing that it should be filled by one who should have the rank of Captain. The bill being passed, Loeffler's name went to the Senate as a Captain in the regular service, the nomination was confirmed, and the doorkeeper became at once Captain and Military Storekeeper, and was detailed for special duty at the Executive Mansion. He is the only Military Storekeeper in the United States, and perhaps in the world.

Thus it happened that when the President's guests, at the dinner given in honor of Admiral Dewey on the evening of October 3, arrived at the inner corridor they found near the entrance to the Blue Room the soldierly figure of Charles D. A. Loeffler drawn up in the full-dress uniform of a Captain of the United States Army, frock coat, clanking sword and all. When they were taking leave he helped them on with their coats as usual.

"Captain Charlie" bears his military honors modestly. He does not seek to imitate the Commanding General of the Army, but nevertheless appreciates the honor contained in his commission. Only at State functions, such as the dinner to Dewey, does he wear full military dress. On ordinary occasions he dons fatigue uniform, and when standing outside the President's door, ready to open it, he is attired in the ordinary habiliments of a private citizen.

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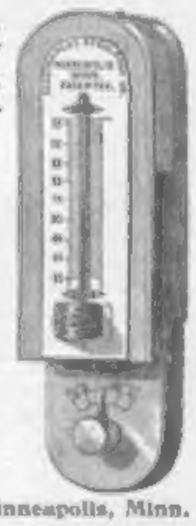

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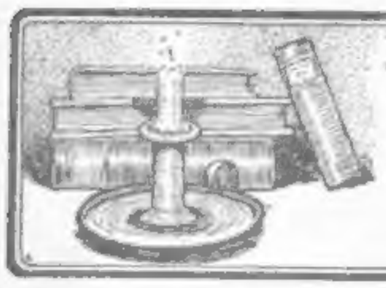

WHAT to READ

Historic Side-Lights*

THE side-lights thrown by Mr. Arnold upon history are of a meteoric character. They flash for an uncertain instant and are lost in darkness and space. The number of things they illuminate is very great; but the illumination itself is hardly steadfast enough to permit us to see objects anew by its radiance. The book opens with the Declaration of Independence—a good patriotic start—and passes swiftly on to the University of St. Andrews and the exceeding poverty of its students a hundred years ago, when oatmeal, herring, potatoes and buttermilk were the staple articles of diet, and when the son of a poor farmer would sometimes bring to college his own tub of oatmeal and his own salted butter, and live on this rigorous fare for most of the scholastic year.

From St. Andrews we make a great and unexpected leap to the dull, comfortable court of George the Third, and I pause to consider the inadequacy of the Royal spelling—there was an informal character about the spelling of the last century which lends charm and variety to its letters. Mr. Arnold has a poor opinion of the Hanoverian Kings. He is sarcastic at the expense of George the Third, who has always been an easy target for ridicule; but when he ventures to say that George the Second possessed "little sense of any sort" he shoots wide of the mark. That cynical Prince lacked many of the qualities which are held to be most desirable in manhood, but he had sense and to spare. He could have given points to all his contemporaries, had he been much in the habit of giving anything.

Royalty as an institution, however, fails to win Mr. Arnold's regard. He objects to the Stuarts as strenuously as to the Hanoverians; as strenuously as he objects to the Scottish bagpipes and to the Scottish saints. He leaves us in no doubt as to his opinions upon any subject. Oxford a hundred and fifty years ago was not the great and noble seat of learning it is to-day, or that it had been under Elizabeth and Charles the First. Scholarship was at a low ebb, and the University life was by no means so abstemious as that of poor St. Andrews. But to listen to Mr. Arnold's comments on this subject is to doubt one's understanding of words. Oxford, he declares, was "a very sink of infidelity, corruption, anarchy, ignorance and wickedness, in which young men wallowed on their way to mental and physical ruin." It was "not merely a negative influence for good, but an active incentive to bad. It was the nucleus of a wide-spreading, pernicious and deadly blight, and as an educational medium was worse than useless. . . . A degree from such a source was simply a brand from the devil's workshop, stamped red-hot into the deluded recipient, who had to pay handsomely for the dishonor."

And after this unsparing tirade, the author alludes reproachfully to "Ruskin and his abysmal soot-pot," as though he himself had nothing but fair words for all the world.

Next to eighteenth-century Oxford, the objects of Mr. Arnold's supreme contempt are the ancient Jews—the Jews of the Old Testament, who have not been without their meed of homage from generations of Gentiles. In Mr. Arnold's eyes, however, they were "nothing but a horde of monotheistic barbarians and border ruffians, whose God they claimed to belong to themselves exclusively, and not to any other nation. . . . They had no place in their mental structure for any form of truth. They could not appreciate it in any shape, ethical, historical or scientific. It was as foreign to them as Shakespeare is to the French. As far as concerns the great phenomena of Nature, the Jews never even tried to get at their true meaning, but looked at them simply like so many savages."

Not all the Side-Lights burn so luridly as this, nor with such protracted glare. In one chapter we travel from Moses to Senator Depew—a far cry—taking notes on the way upon Hengist and Horsa, John Bunyan, Randolph of Roanoke, Saint Chrysostom and John Quincy Adams. On the other hand, a great many pages are faithfully devoted to Doctor Franklin, and to the seal for which—after the Declaration of Independence—he and Mr. Adams and Mr. Jefferson were requested to prepare a device. Franklin and Adams favored the Choice of Hercules (between duty and pleasure) as an emblematic design worthy of the young Republic. They had, it appears, a higher opinion of the hero than has Mr. Arnold, who pronounces him unkindly a "pugilist, robber, adulterer and general ruffian." As a fact, the moral character of Hercules was not without reproach. Like other heroes, he had his shortcomings. But he did some hard work remarkably well, and Franklin was enamored of hard work and not fastidious about morals. He probably considered that the man who cleared the Augean stables might be forgiven the murder of his music-master.

—*Agnes Repplier.*

*Historic Side-Lights. By Howard Payson Arnold. *Harper & Brothers.*

Mr. Dooley's Second Book*

IT IS really a compliment to Mr. Dunne to say that these sketches are at their best published separately in the newspapers; for they were meant to be read singly, and at intervals. Collected in a book they must lose power over the reader by cloying the faculties to which they appeal. The new girl in the candy-store soon tires of sweets. Mr. Dunne may have had this in mind in writing the apologetic preface—for he must have known that his brilliant work needed no apology, and is at least as good as that of Ward, Nasby and Nye.

Rightly to enjoy the book, the reader should avoid intemperance, and may well swear off from reading more than one or—under his doctor's advice—two of the sketches a day, thus providing himself with a month's delightful fun.

The humor of Dooley is genuine, unforced, clean and deft. It never bungles, but always makes clean hits. His missiles are never mud to defile, though often pebbles that sting. Mr. Dooley has won the hearts of his countrymen by his warm Irish heart and good Celtic common sense, as well as by his native humor and absorbed American wit. To call an Irishman "a foreigner born away from home" is purely Irish; but to express the opinion, "I don't think Cap. Dhryfuss wr-rote th' borderoo. I think he wus th' on'y man in Fr-rance that didn't," is the wit of exaggeration native to America. For plain humorous statement there are few neater things than Dooley's: "I ain't much on th' theayter. I niver wint to wan that I didn't have to shtand where I cud see a man in blue overalls scratchin' his leg just beyant where the heeroyne wus prayin' on th' palace stairs." As for pathos, read the little sketch called Shaughnessy, or the study of the Idle Apprentice, and learn something of the reserve power that always underlies true humor. There is here a hint of the power that made Bret Harte.

But it is enough for the present that Mr. Dunne is a delicious humorist. There are more quotable bits than enough. Here is the perversion of Kipling, "Take up the White Man's Burden, an' hand it to th' coons," and Mr. Dooley's remark on a hot day, "I've been mean enough to commit murdher without th' strength even to kill a fly," and the poetic phrase descriptive of the eager Fenian setting off for a Canadian raid, who "had to thread on no wan's shadow befure he wus off f'r th' battle," and so on, and so on.

It would be useless to estimate the relative rank of the sketches, since the choice of one reader would suit no other; but for subtle humor it is hard to excel the little paper on Grand Opera, where a party of Irishmen go in (on passes from the policeman at the door) and then talk local politics in utter

*Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of His Countrymen. By Peter Finley Dunne. *Small, Maynard & Co., Incorporated.*

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obliviousness of the stage. It ends: "'But what about th' opera?' asked Mr. McKenna. 'Th' op'ra wus gr-reat," said Mr. Dooley. 'But I think Mulcahey wus right. Dorsey can't win.'"

There is no trick in the book. It is successful because of genuine merit, and merit that will endure. —*Tudor Jenks.*

A Novel in Partnership*

OF COURSE Parson Kelly is a book of merit, else would the name of Andrew Lang not appear on its title-page. Mr. Lang has never put his name to a poor book that this reviewer wots of; neither has he put it as yet to a masterpiece. His literature is always merchantable, always skillfully fabricated or selected, always readable. It is exceeding various, too, and the course of it is remarkably steady and full. There is no detail of the literary business that Mr. Lang cannot compass with neatness, learning and dispatch, and it is doubtless inevitable that such facility and such diligence as his should make his admirers wonder why a writer who does so many literary things so well does not do some one thing supremely.

How much of a hand Mr. Lang had in Parson Kelly we cannot tell, but presumably the chief artificer was Mr. A. E. W. Mason, for his name precedes Mr. Lang's on the title-page. It is a good story of Jacobite plots between 1719 and 1745, with two pleasant and valiant Irishmen for heroes. One of them is, or was, an unclerical Protestant clergyman, and the other, the redoubtable Wogan, is a soldier, very big, very brave, and a very agreeable person to be thrown with. The narrative of the adventures of these two adherents of the Pretender does not take itself more seriously than is necessary, but runs on agreeably, taking the respected reader into much society that ought to please him, letting him hear the clash of swords and the rattle of dice now and then, and leading him in the shadow of an occasional gibbet. It is the characters themselves that must entertain him rather than their prodigious adventures and escapes. The heroes are excellent gentlemen, injudicious in many things, but honorable to indiscretion in all. There is a sweet heroine whose part is not a leading one, and a wicked lady on whom the authors have lavished their arts, and who occupies the front of the stage a good part of the time. We do not hate her very hard, however, nor do we detest the villain, who is not very detestable, nor do we lose any sleep over Wogan or Kelly themselves.

Our interest is cheerful and lively, but seldom agitating. We are not thrilled, but the entertainment is steady, and is augmented by our advantage in meeting some old friends, as Mr. George Law, the eminent financier; Lady Mary Wortley Montagu; sundry members of the Wesley family, and divers others. It is a good book; a skillful, workmanlike product, and doubtless so far as it is historical it is true history, for Mr. Lang, who knows so much, knows his Jacobites particularly well.

—*E. S. Martin.*

Piracy, Poetry and Sudden Death†

THE name of W. Clark Russell heads the list of those who have written tales of adventure upon the ocean. So far as the word can be properly applied to poor humanity, he is a master of the sea. Some of the greatest sea novels in the English language, which, with the possible exception of the Dutch, is the language of the masters of the sea, are from his pen. It is painful, therefore, to qualify this praise by saying that some of the worst, also, flow from the same source, and that Rose Island is one of the latter class.

The genial, dashing English sailor puts too much in his books; too many things occur, too many catastrophes happen. In Rose Island we meet with a typhoon, a plague ship, a mutinous crew, a ship on fire, a life-line rescue, several miscellaneous pirates, ships of war, one or two abductions, a murdered captain, a marooned lover, a stabbing heroine, and last of all, *mirabile dictu*, an exploded balloon a hundred leagues or so out to sea! In spite of all these elements the book is not exciting.

The story is told by one Captain Tomson Foster, the master of an Indiaman, who amuses the ladies in successive night-watches of a long cruise by relating successive installments of the tale. The device is clumsy and practically unworkable. Captain Foster talks in paragraphs, and talks poetry—the book should be dedicated to the spirit of the Immortal Silas Wegg, by the way. Captain Foster, Captain Bahama Shanklin, Captain Cochrane—the lover, of course—and even the vile half-breed with his "throaty" voice—information as to its quality being given *ad nauseam*—who murders his captain, leads a gang of simple, innocent sailormen such as Russell loves to depict on a pirating expedition, and finally meets death at the hand of an outraged woman, are poets as well! Even the pirates are poets.

There is in this world a body of humble-minded, retiring and modest men who are known as editors. I do not refer to those who write the "leaders" in the daily papers, but to those who restrain aspirants for literary glory. Men with iron-clad hearts and blue-pencil eyes, to whom erasure is as the breath of life, who wield scalpel pens and love to cut out. The authors owe them much; the public owes them more. If one of them could have been put upon the trail of this novel he would have reduced it to the limits of a concise, graphic, short story, which would have greatly enhanced, instead of materially depreciating, the reputation of its writer. —*Cyrus Townsend Brady.*

GLIMPSES OF NEW BOOKS

IN A SERIES of seven short papers collectively entitled The Great Appeal, Dr. James G. K. McClure sets forth the "desire of God toward the children of men." Doctor McClure believes that this desire "broods over human lives" and is everywhere manifest in our spiritual and intellectual life. *Fleming H. Revell Company.*

Predicaments is a collection of short society stories by Louis Evan Shipman, author of D'Arcy of the Guards. Mr. Shipman has chosen his puppets from the ultra-"smart set" of New York society and has devised for them some very clever situations and entanglements. The volume is illustrated by Charles Dana Gibson and T. K. Hanna, Jr. *Life Publishing Company.*

A holiday edition of George Eliot's Middlemarch appears in two tastefully dressed volumes which bear the imprint of T. Y. Crowell & Co. The edition is adequately illustrated with eighteen pictures from drawings by Alice Barber Stephens.

Mr. Brown has adventured upon dangerous ground in his Woodranger; J. Fenimore Cooper is no mean rival. But in justice it must be said that it is not in ignorance that the author essays. The deerslayer, his speech, his philosophizing, his beloved rifle and unerring aim, strike familiarly upon the accustomed ear; but any imitation of such an excellent model cannot fail of success with those who do not know the original. *L. C. Page & Co.*

It is the endeavor of Albert Bigelow Paine, in a collection of short stories headed by the Beacon Prize Medals, to honor the dignity of every-day work and humble achievement. To the criticism that the incidents do not wholly seem to suit with the depth of the theme, and that he grows at times a trifle commonplace, Mr. Paine would no doubt retort that that was just what he was trying to do. The book deals largely with school-days. *The Baker & Taylor Company.*

Gellett Burgess, best known as the editor and contributor-in-chief of The Lark, and as author of The Purple Cow, has embodied in a Nonsense Almanac for 1900 a dozen of his absurd drolleries in picture and verse. Mr. Burgess' "Goops," which are a species of undraped, boneless Brownies, are effectively used in the decorations. *The Frederick A. Stokes Company.*

*Parson Kelly. By A. E. W. Mason and Andrew Lang. *Longmans, Green & Co.*

†Rose Island. By W. Clark Russell. *H. S. Stone & Co.*

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In the DAY'S Work

By Julian Ralph

I SOMETIMES think that the fun reporters get out of their experiences is kept too much to themselves. Too few of us are like Charles Dickens, who crowded the zest and fun of his observations and adventures into even the most trifling things which his pen threw off. We seem to think that the public will not care to hear of the amusing happenings in our workday routine, but I believe this is a great mistake. Let me tell of a thing that happened only so long ago as the trial of Captain Dreyfus. Three news associations which were competing with one another were determined to beat each other in getting the first news of the verdict out to the world at large. When the final day came the manager of each association remained in the street to see that his reporter shot a message down a tube from the courtroom to a messenger boy who waited outside to get it and bring it to the manager. All the rest of the correspondents saw these managers and messengers lurking in the street, and noted that the association reporters were in their places in the courtroom, but all were so busy that they could not watch for the result of the intense contest in the feverish moment of the delivery of the verdict. They were obliged to wait until nightfall, when their own work was done, and then ask each of the managers how he came out in the race.

To our surprise, all three were desirous of avoiding the subject, and yet, when they felt obliged to speak, each claimed the victory. "I got to the telegraph first with my dispatch," said Mr. C. "Mine was the first to reach home," said Mr. V. "I don't believe I was beaten," said Mr. N. Not a word more would any one of them say.

THE FATE OF THE FIRST BOY

The next day the whole truth came out. To appreciate the full extent of its drollness the reader must understand how intensely earnest the men were, how long and carefully they had planned to win, and how much it meant to the one who served his company's subscribers ahead of all the world. Mr. C. was the first to be "out with the truth," as he expressed it. He had hired a very bright, quick boy, and had trained him to be able to act in various ways according to the nature of the verdict. The boy had some large envelopes of different and pronounced colors, one of which symbolized "innocent," another "guilty," another "not proven." The boy was to hold up the envelope which stood for the verdict which would come to him in a message down the chute in the courtroom window.

It was a good plan, well thought out, but it failed because the boy disappeared. Mr. C. waited until many men and boys had passed him, and then he obtained the news from some one's else boy and rushed to the telegraph office, getting there ahead of every one. He has not yet seen his own messenger. He has been told that when the verdict was announced there was a mad rush of men to the chute, and a little boy was knocked down and trampled under many feet. He believes that boy and his are identical, but he can never be certain.

THE ABSENT-MINDED SEMAPHORE

Mr. V. also hired a bright and active lad, and him he trained for the crucial moment at the chute. His boy was to hold up his right hand for "innocent," his left hand to signify "guilty," and both hands if the verdict was a Scotch one. With one hand or the other, or both, upraised, the boy was to speed like mad toward Mr. V., and Mr. V., seeing him from afar, was to turn and run to the telegraph with the verdict he could thus read at a glance. Alas, this shrewd and simple plan also went wrong.

Mr. V. waited, the verdict was delivered, the rush of men and lads ensued—and no boy with a hand held high in air was to be seen. Mr. V. saw boy after boy pass him, and his heart sank as one's heart must do when he sees himself beaten through no fault or failure of his own. Still, he stood and waited, and while he strained his eyes over the hurrying throng which filled the street, he felt a pull at his sleeve. He looked down and there was his boy with both arms hanging by his side. "Why don't you have one hand up?" "I beg your pardon, sir; *I* forgot all about it." "What is the verdict?" "*Coupable*," said the boy in his native language, and away sped Mr. V., reaching the telegraph office in time to push his dispatch in next after that of Mr. C. What happened to Mr. N.—the third competitor—he would not say, but I imagine he reached the telegraph office far behind the others. This doesn't matter now, for his telegram was received thirty minutes ahead of those of both his rivals! In spite of all their efforts, after their telegrams had been handed in the clerks sent them to be counted, and when this was done the topmost one became the one at the bottom, and the man who was first in the race was last in the result.

Editor's Note—This paper was written by Mr. Ralph for the series, recently concluded in the Post, on The Making of a Journalist. An assignment to report the British-Boer war delayed the writing of the article until Mr. Ralph was en route for South Africa.

SOCIALISM IN THEORY AND PRACTICE

I have done very little reporting in London, except of great events like Mr. Gladstone's funeral and the Diamond Jubilee, yet I got sufficient amusement out of one experience to tincture a year of dull work with the pleasure of its memory. I was looking for a young woman whose career had brought her into momentary fame. The quest led me into strange halls and haunts and homes in Battersea.

One place that I visited was a decent, tidy, two-story dwelling in a bare, treeless street—one of those monotonies of brick and leaden skies that ought not to be in any Christian city in these enlightened days. Into the best room in this tidy tenement I was noisily welcomed by a round and red-faced man of the labor-agitator type, who said that he neither could nor would tell me anything, as his wife would return presently, and he always left "hall matters to 'er, speshully matters of himportance, like reporters and—and—such things."

When I was seated he began to walk around and around me, and to put absurd and not altogether inoffensive questions to me, such as "'Ow comes hit that you 'ave such fine clothes while Hi'm in 'omespun?" "I don't doubt you live in a fine 'ouse in the West End and 'ave your servants and your champagne, while honly look at me, obliged to in'abit this 'ere dog-'utch."

It seemed to me that he fancied himself with me on a platform at a laborers' meeting, and that he imagined the applause of his auditors as they heard his points pressed hard against me, while I was to be considered as shrinking and quivering with the guilty knowledge that I had not earned my good clothes, and should, by rights, be living in another "dog-hutch" like the rest.

A SURPRISING ANTICLIMAX

"I 'ope you're not taking it 'ard for me to ask these questions," he said.

"No," said I; "I think you are very amusing."

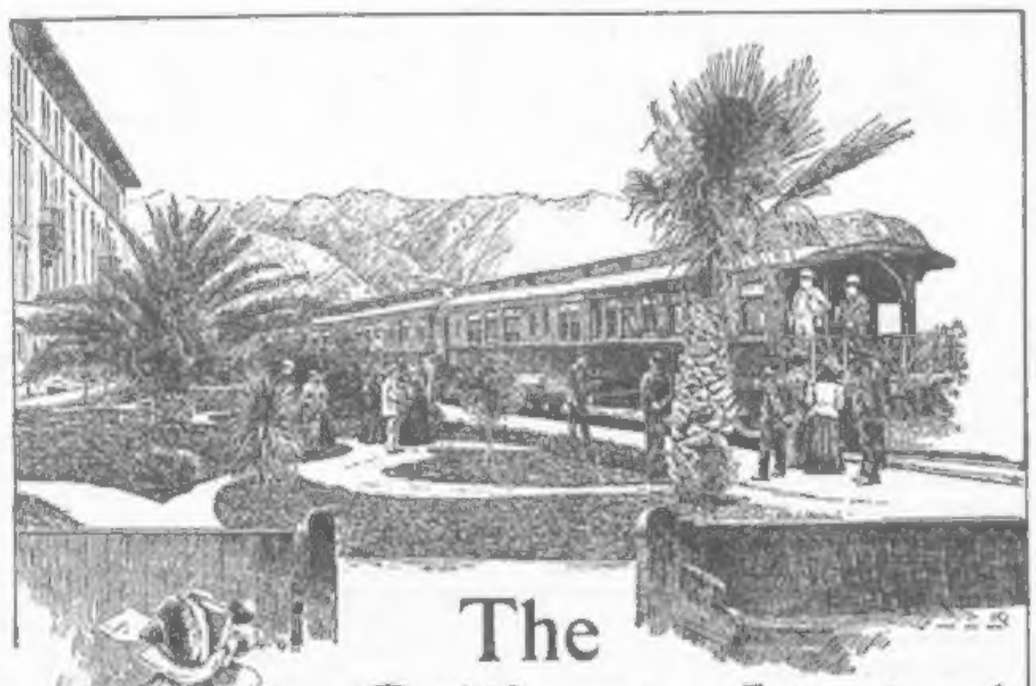
"Amusing!" he shouted; "that's what the gentry thought when the French Revolution broke hout; per'aps the wicked was amused when the deluge began; maybe them as deals in 'uman flesh and 'uman 'earts, and widows' tears and sighs, will find it amusing when the day of reckoning comes in Lon'on."

"Hello!" I thought; "this is indeed a tremendous fire-eater, and the first I've seen in England."

Just then the man's wife came—unexpectedly and hurriedly, without warning of any sort. And what, think you, did this boastful and ferocious champion of oppressed manhood do?

He gave her a timid, frightened glance, snatched up a woman's apron, tied it around his waist, dropped upon one knee and began to mend the fire in the grate.

"Don't blime me, dear," he pleaded; "I 'adn't forgotten the fire; really I 'adn't, my dear."



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